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WOODLAND ECHOES.

BY

THOMAS WATTS,

BROOMHOUSE, DUNSE.

"I kittle up my rustic reed,
It gives me ease."—*Burns.*

KELSO:
J. & J. H. RUTHERFURD, 20, SQUARE.
1880.

APV 2425

John Hogg
Langside Cottage
East Linton

TO

William J. Hay, Esq.,

OF DUNSE CASTLE,

WHO HAS EXHIBITED IN HIS LIFE THE VIRTUES OF A

PHILANTHROPIST AND GENTLEMAN,

THESE HUMBLE EFFUSIONS OF A WAYWARD MUSE ARE,

BY PERMISSION,

DEDICATED BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED

AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

The Author.

Preface.

It has been said by some one—and truly—that no gold mines were ever found on Parnassus. Admitting this, I have only sought to cull, from its lower slopes, a few of the many flowers that grow there; and it is with no slight diffidence that I now cast my faded wreath upon the stage of public criticism.

Objections have been raised in certain quarters as to my too frequent appropriation of subjects bearing reference to the affections; but why be ashamed to express a tribute of pleasure in what is of value? We do not refrain from expressing *dis*pleasure when felt, whether felt justly or not. Surely, what was worth God's while to create, is worth man's while to cultivate and admire; and love, truly, is at once the image and boon of its divine Creator, and is only made evil by the corruption of those whom it was sent to bless and preserve. There is a chord of love

running through all the sounds of creation, but the ear of love alone can distinguish it. With this apology, I may hope that the following attempts in verse will be not altogether in vain if they succeed in winning the sympathies of, at least, one kindred spirit.

I may take the opportunity here of rectifying a prevailing mistake regarding the import of such pieces as "Lucky's Ben-end," "A New Year's Address," &c. When these first appeared in the local journals, there were those who actually betrayed culpability by accusing me of making personal allusions. Now, such a thing never once formed part of my thoughts or intentions, but was simply the result of observation, in a *general* way, and was never designed to implicate any particular individual or family.

In conclusion, I have to thank my numerous subscribers for their friendly assistance in responding to the interests of my little book. To such my lasting gratitude is due.

THOMAS WATTS.

BROOMHOUSE COTTAGE, *Feb*, *1880*.

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WOODLAND ECHOES.

SEASIDE MUSINGS.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF J. C. WATTS, WHO DIED AT MADISON, U.S., 14TH JULY, 1876.

"Oh! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."—*Tennyson.*

WHILE the sunset crimsons the dusky wave
With rosy light,
On the shell-strewn sand, by a hollow cave,
I dream to-night,
Till mem'ry reclaims from her regions vast
The treasures that lie 'mid the mould'ring past;
While an ambient light, like a halo,'s cast
O'er the shadowy long ago, Jamie.

And, as Fancy roams o'er the beaten track
Of vanish'd years,
A spirit-power seems to waft me back—
'Mid causeless fears—

To the cloudless past, on whose sunny slopes
Had bloom'd, but to wither, our early hopes,
Till the scene of the radiant vision opes,
  Like a heaven, on my view, Jamie.

The sea-breeze is whisp'ring its spirit-song
  Across the strand,
To the laughing waves as they curl along
  The shining sand;
We gleefully watch, with a childish pride,
Our wee toy ships on the billows ride,
Far out, and away on the glancing tide,
  Like a bird on the rising wave, Jamie.

Now we climb the slopes of the grassy hills
  For wilding flowers,
That spangle the moss by the tiny rills
  And fairy bowers;
We cast them away with an aspect grave,
And wait, in belief the receding wave
Will bear the flower-bells to the Sea Nymph's cave,
  As she sighs there a captive forlorn, Jamie.

Or a tiny castle now rears its tower
  Beneath our hand,
Form'd from the things that are scattered o'er
  The glitt'ring sand,
Till a dark wave creeps through the yawning breach
Of a shatter'd rock to its farthest reach,
And the pile lies wreck'd on the pebbly beach,
  And our little hearts grow sad, Jamie.

But the years wear on! and a sober hue
Steals o'er the scene;
We stand by the burn that is wand'ring through
Pease darkling dene;
Few, few are our words as we musingly pore
O'er the chart of the Future's mysterious shore;
But little we reck, ere life's journey be o'er,
Of storms that must darken the way, Jamie.

We wander away through the steep defile,
And sliding sands,
To the lonely lea, where St. Helen's pile
A ruin stands;
And there, 'mid the shadows so dim and faint,
'Mong the sculptur'd fragments so old and quaint,
We're tracing the name of some olden saint,
While we talk of the storied past, Jamie.

Yet, again! and I grasp thy hand and feel
Its last true touch:
Ah! never on my yearning soul may thrill
Another such.
Now a long, fond, lingering look is cast
To the shore, and the last faint signal's past;
Now the big ship fades from my gaze at last,
And the wild sea rolls between, Jamie.

But the present returns! and across my view
A veil is thrown—
Like a mist that o'erspreads the ethereal blue—
And I'm alone!—

Alone with the billows that murm'ring sweep
By the hollow cave where the shadows sleep,
Sounding strange to-night by the lonely deep,
  Like echoes of other days, Jamie.

Sad voices seem borne on the moaning wave,
  That come to me
As sighs softly breath'd o'er thy lowly grave
  Across the sea;
Where a lone heart is utt'ring its weary care
In the tremulous tones of a whisper'd prayer,
For I know that thy Mary is ling'ring there
  In tender sorrow for thee, Jamie.

The child of thine image who oft to thy knee
  A prattler came,
And strove, 'mid the gush of her innocent glee,
  To lisp thy name,
The joy-giving beams of the smiles which she wore,
Are dimm'd by emotions unwitness'd before,
As she marks the sad tear that is wand'ring o'er
  The mourner's pale cheek at her side, Jamie.

There are scenes in this life the breaking heart
  May ne'er forget,
Where its joys succumb 'neath the aching smart
  Of sore regret;
When the power of bereavement seems to waft
The joy-beams of life from the soul bereft,
Till the gloom of sorrow seems all that's left
  To darken the dreary void, Jamie.

Oh! where are the fancies our hearts express'd
As simple truth?
And where the fair visions of fame that bless'd
Our hopeful youth?
Gone!—like the blossoms we cast from the hand;
Gone!—like the fabrics we rear'd on the strand;
Gone!—like a name from the wave-dimpled sand,
Are the hopes that inspir'd us then, Jamie.

Yet why should my murm'ring spirit repine
In hopeless woe,
O'er the earthly treasures that once were mine,
When *this* I know—
I know there's a haven where storms cannot be;
A refuge of peace where the mourner is free;
A home in the City of the Crystal Sea;
A rest on the heavenly shore, Jamie?

Yes, yes! in that sorrowless land so fair
We'll meet again,
Freed from the fetters of worldly care,
And every pain;
With the ransom'd array'd in robes of white,
With Immanuel crown'd with a glory bright,
We'll live in the pure and the changeless light
Of His love for evermore, Jamie.

THE OLD MILL ROAD.

As Time steals on with a silent tread
  To the realms of Eternity vast,
Nor stays to reckon the ruin he's spread
  In his flight o'er the slumbering past;
Old age and youth, as he hurries along,
  Succumb 'neath his boundless sway,
And the things that are rear'd by the toiling throng
  He marks with the mould of decay:
Thus an old man mus'd as he slowly trod
On his lonely way by the Old Mill Road.

Not a voice breaks the calm of the pathless wood,
  While an air impressive and still
Is spread o'er the valley where once had stood
  His home and the sounding mill;
But the wild winds moan 'mid the ruin'd scene
  In solemn and weird-like tones,
Where the grey moss thrives and the grass grows green
  O'er the wreckage of mouldering stones;
While the ragworts wave and the wild ferns nod
By the thorn and the briar on the Old Mill Road.

And he traces the course of the old mill brook,
  Where the rushes and reeds grow green,
Where the grey heron wakes with an eerie croak,
  Like the shade of a thing that's been;

And the brambles cling round the old well edge,
  Where the ever dark shadows lie;
And the bindweed climbs o'er the old thorn hedge,
  Where, in the better times gone by,
The radiant flowers of the garden glow'd,
Scattering perfume to the Old Mill Road.

And he searches in vain for the path that led
  To the bridge from his cottage door,
And the streamlet that flow'd by the old home-stead,
  That enlivens the scene no more;
But dry is the mould 'neath the ruin'd arch,
  Where the haunting shadows prowl,
Whose crumbling walls now form a perch
  For the bat and the light-wing'd owl;
While the willow-herb springs from the daisied sod
That covers the track of the Old Mill Road.

And the little croft lies 'mid the desolate scene,
  Once the scene of his patient care;
But the thistle blooms now where the rose had been,
  And the nettles are thriving there.
All is changed! ev'n the river that rippled near
  With its once glad, merry chime;
Its voice falls now on the listener's ear
  Like the flow of a plaintive rhyme;
Ay! sweet were its tones long ago, when it flowed,
Like a spirit of song, by the Old Mill Road.

And he thinks of a time when his heart was young,
  When he stood 'neath the willow boughs,
And listen'd to a maiden's voice that sung
  The song of a maiden's vows:
And he thinks of a spot not far below,
  Where the murmuring willows wave,
Where his heart was buried long years ago
  In his lost love's new-made grave:
And the old man wept as he slowly trod
On his lonely way from the Old Mill Road!

AMONG THE HILLS.

How calm the scene that meets the gaze
  Among the hills at silent even,
When ambient sunset's golden haze
  Is spread between the earth and heaven;

When round some mountain's hoary crown
  The gilded clouds are seen to rally,
While soften'd twilight nestles down
  Upon the bosom of the valley;

'Tis grand to view the towering hills,
  Majestic in their rugged grandeur,
Between whose cliffs the flashing rills
  From hidden channels rambling wander.

'Tis pleasant, when the twilight grey
  Steals o'er the scene so soft and mellow,
To wander where the silvery Spey
  Winds murm'ring through the wooded hollow.

'Tis sweet to roam where Luna's beams
  Now with the roving shadows mingle,
And dance among the Elvan streams
  That whimple through the ferny dingle.

O'er all an incense seems to steal,
  Embued with heaven's own sacred essence,
Till slumb'ring Nature seems to feel
  The influence of a holy Presence.

* * * * * *

The calm is past! and what a change
  That marks the desolate scene that follows—
Grim, weird-like voices, wild and strange,
  Are mutter'd 'mong the mountain hollows.

And, rolling on from crag to crag,
  Incessant booms the echoing thunder,
As if by magic force 'twould drag
  And rend the mountain chains asunder.

The warring winds, like voice of doom,
  Shriek o'er the heights in mad derision;
While through the vaults of sulphurous gloom
  The quiv'ring lightning awes the vision.

And, mingling with the thunder's crash,
  The sound of mighty torrents rushing,
From cavern'd depths they crimson flash,
  O'er jagged boulders madly crushing.

Then to the yawning depths beneath
  The sounding mass is downward sweeping,
Like some fell monster leagued with Death,
  Unchecked, o'er Nature's bulwarks leaping.

But, all unseen, o'er Nature's form,
  An All-wise Power is ever present;
The mimic voices of the storm
  To His alone are acquiescent.

SPRING.

I LOVE to sing of the gentle spring,
  With its green and chequer'd glades,
Where violets blue, in the morning dew,
  Smile sweet 'neath their trellis'd shades.

I love to dwell in the hawthorn dell
  Where the primrose blossoms fair;
Though I to-day may be far away,
  Still my heart is ever there.

'Tis sweet to sit where the gay birds flit
  Among the old forest trees,
And hear them sing to the gladsome spring
  In harmony with the breeze.

I love to look on the whimpling brook
  Meandering through the wold,
Where sunny rays in refulgent blaze
  Pour a flood of liquid gold.

I love to stray when the waning day
  Gives birth to the evening mild,
When all is still, save the little rill
  That darts through the coppice wild;

Or when the thrush in the hawthorn bush
  Carols forth his wild notes free—
Sweet notes that swell through the fairy dell,
  Like strains of sadness and glee.

I love to gaze on the sadd'ning rays
  Of the moon that struggle through
The dark confines of the deep green pines,
  Falling gently on the dew.

Then welcome, Spring; on thy em'rald wing
  Bear the fragrant flowers along;
Awake the strain of the birds again,
  And tutor them into song.

SUMMER.

FAIR Spring hath retired with her tuneful train,
  Though in the far distance, 't would seem,
We hear her voice still, like a heavenly strain,
  Or a voice in a beautiful dream;
And it sings of a peace, like the peace of even;
Of a love we have seldom sought or given;
And murmurs a song, like a song of heaven,
  With Hope for its deathless theme.

'Tis Summer! then come when the mists of morn
  Away to the westward roll,
When the dew still hangs on the scented thorn,
  And the lark leaves his grassy knoll—
Till the air, with a dream-like music fraught,
Wafts around the charm of his song, untaught—
Sweet, sweet as the chord of a happy thought
  In its transit through the soul.

And come where the murmuring streamlet sings
  So sweetly its rippling tune,
Where the insects spread their powdery wings
  In the quivering heat at noon;
There's harmony there, and it seems to flow
From voices we lov'd in the long ago,
Whose affections beam'd with a kindly glow
  On the hearts bereft so soon.

And come when the rays of declining day
  Their soft, mellow beauties unfold,
Where the rain-drops hang on the willow spray,
  Like pendants of burnish'd gold;
When the toil-wearied bee of the sunny hours
Speeds home from its haunts in the woodbine bowers,
Laden with the sweets of a thousand flowers
  From the glade and the daisied wold.

And come when the pensive Queen of Night
  Her silvery veil unfurls,
Where soft dews gleam in her fairy light
  'Mong the buds, like rounded pearls;
And you'll hear, where the moonlight shadows meet,
Deep, deep in the greenwood's calm retreat,
Whisp'rings, as breath'd in the language sweet,
  Of the spirits of other worlds.

Then leave the vain world and its follies behind,
  Its pleasures alloy'd with care,
And in Nature's beautiful haunts you'll find
  A source of delights more rare;
And what though its scenes may be wild and rude,
Or silent as a voiceless solitude?
Such are ever lov'd by the true and good,
  For the emblems of truth are there.

A U T U M N.

SLOWLY the Summer has glided away,
Slowly her beauties have pass'd to decay;
Gone, like the tints from a cloud-shadow'd stream;
Gone, like the visions of a twilight dream;
And the Autumn winds are sighing a requiem for the dead,
And the scatter'd leaves are lying where summer flowers were spread,
And still the leaves are falling by many a woodland path,
Old memories recalling of friendships, love, and youth.

The spirit of silence broods over the woods;
Ev'ry echo's asleep in their vast solitudes;
Ev'n the birds seem to cherish a grievance at last,
And silently mourn for the season that's past;
While the rosy dawn is breaking o'er the shades so still and deep,
Like a happy child awaking from a calm and dreamless sleep;
And the cloudlets are in motion, like breakers rolling high,
In a vast ethereal ocean suspended in the sky.

How softly the sunlight is kissing the brook,
That darts like an elf from its moss-cover'd nook;
While the mists from the mountain that hung like a shroud,
Are rolling away to the regions of cloud;
And the sunny lines that follow round its summit now are spread,
Like the soft and mystic halo circling round a sainted head;
While the ever-shifting shadows add a contrast to the scene
As they wander o'er the meadows that are stretching far between.

The insects are humming where the brooklet sings,
Till the air seems to quiver with countless wings;
A fairy-like murmur comes floating along,
And mellow'd by mingling with the zephyr's song;
And as the day advances still we wander in the grove,
Where ling'ring sunlight glances through the trellis-work above:
We see not now the river, but we hear its distant hum,
Like the song of happy lover when gloaming-time has come.

And we calmly think of the Druids of old,
Of the deeds they perform'd or the tales they told;
Or perform'd, perchance, amid shades like these
Their mysterious rites 'neath the grand old trees:

A nameless charm seems stealing through the soft and dreamy air,
Whose sense inspires the feeling that an angel hovers there;
And as steals the silent even o'er Nature's blest abode,
Our thoughts ascend to heaven in communion with her God.

When Luna hath risen—night's beautiful queen—
And her pennons float far o'er the shadowy scene;
When dews that hang pendant from blossomless stems
Are sparkling and flashing like a thousand gems;
When softly sigh the breezes with the murmur of the stream,
Like charms that ever please us of a long-remembered dream—
Enwrapt in thoughtful attitude 'neath that fair mystic light,
Our hearts respond in gratitude—How beautiful is night.

WINTER.

BLUST'RING Winter's come at last
With the biting Boreal blast;
Boreas shouts, in accents drear,
That his hoary chief is here.

On he comes, like warrior bold,
Crown'd with conquests yet untold;
Coming Spring will tell the story
Of his reign and deeds of glory.
Now he revels 'mong the hills;
Blows his breath upon the rills;
Rallying now his every force,
Stems the mighty torrent's course;
Sweeping o'er the trembling woods,
Thund'ring through their solitudes;
Weird-like sounds, with terrors rife,
Join the tumult and the strife;
Echo's mimic tones respond
From the cavern'd depths beyond.
And now, as if a whim to please,
He mutters 'mong the ghostly trees
A prelude to some tragic art
In which he soon must act a part:
Then, rushing on, with threat'ning mein,
Reviews anew the desolate scene,
While on his cold and icy breath
Is borne the emphasis of death,
And the startled echoes round
Repeat the wild and om'nous sound.
  Yet there's a softening grace subdued
That charms his wildest attitude,
And 'neath his sullen brow the while
There lurks the image of a smile;
And though he frown, yet may we trace
Benevolence in his wrinkled face,

While from his iron heart extend
The bounties of a gracious friend.
  What though no longer now is heard
The lyric strain of summer bird?
Still, on the stormy air arise
A flood of pleasing melodies;
For Robin, now no longer shy,
Hops to some shelter'd covert nigh,
And warbles forth in happy mood
His little song of gratitude;
While, mid-stream, on some rocky shelf,
Where wavelets sport like laughing elf,
From early dawn till gloaming late
The Ouzel charms his gentle mate:
And where's the charm that could excel
That cheery lay he tunes so well?
While she, to lave her snowy breast,
Oft dives beneath the wavelet's crest.
  What though no more the summer flowers
Breathe perfume 'mid the greenwood bowers?
Yet charms pervade the frosty air,
And beauty 's prevalent everywhere:
It sits upon the mossy ledge
Of jutting rock, by river's edge,
Where glitt'ring pearls of frozen dew
Emit soft rays of every hue,
Like jewels, set in velvet green,
To form a throne for Elvan Queen;
And from the grass's fragile stems
Ice-crystals hang like beaded gems;

The bending rushes, drooping low,
Support a fringe of fleecy snow—
A veil of varying tints combined,
Like silver threads with emerald twined—
And from the jagged cliffs between
Hang icy spears of glist'ning sheen;
A thousand flashing diamonds blaze
In rainbow tints of changing rays;
'Twould seem as if magician's wand
Had caus'd such splendours to expand:
Enchanting scenes! the like, perchance,
Were never fabled in romance.
  How lovely, too, the cloudless night,
When countless stars are flashing bright;
Those brilliant mysteries!—what are they?—
That pave with gems the Milky Way;
That path where martyr'd saints have cross'd
To realms beyond the starry host,
And throng'd the golden gates above,
Where all is beauty, all is love.

FAITH.

"The latter end is worse with them than the beginning."
(2 *Peter ii.* 20.)

Oh! joyless is the heart, with anguish wrung,
That fails to find an utterance in the tongue;
But grieves in silence, and in secret feels
The torture of despair that never heals.

I saw him once, a youth, that hapless one,
Long ere the cares of manhood had begun;
He lived in Faith's fair realm, nor deem'd he aught
Of atheistic creed, or wavering thought:
'Twas Faith that hover'd near him at his birth,
And buoy'd him on to noble manhood's worth,
And in his slumbers oft her gentle beams
Gave soften'd radiance to his youthful dreams;
And in his wakeful hours 'twas Faith that taught
Those yearnings deep that sway each voiceless thought,
Till from his soul her guiding ray had flown
That had benignly in its zenith shone;
For Reason spake, and listening Doubt drew near—
The trembler laugh'd, and marvell'd at his fear;
Fair seem'd the voice that pour'd its subtle lore
Into the mind where all was peace before;
Then Argument, with Reason's logic, flowed,
Till Unbelief ignor'd the ruling God.
Now haggard phantoms through his visions roll,
And darkling terrors haunt his shadow'd soul;
But, all too late, he seeks that guiding faith
To bear him through the dreary vale of death.
Oh! adverse fate! whence thy remorseless power,
That thou should'st crush the bosom's fairest flower;
For what is there in life to mortals left,
Save endless sorrow when of Faith bereft?
Oh, Faith! leave not this wavering soul of mine,
But in my deathless being ever shine;
Without thy light life's journey to illume,
Its end must vanish in eternal gloom.

PRAYER.

"All men should pray and faint not."—*Gospel.*

WHAT is prayer? the scoffer asks:
A mystic code of aimless tasks,
A formal show, a mockery dumb,
And blessings sought that never come;
The source of Superstition's leaven;
The passport to a fabled Heaven.

What is prayer? the doubter cries,
And ill-directed thought replies:
A guide to aspirations vain,
The trusting suppliant hopes to gain;
The false support of blinded zeal,
Its simple votaries feign to feel.

What is prayer? another feeds
Belief 'pon naturalistic creeds;
The power of prayer can only find
A *reflex* influence on the *mind;*
Each cause we plead but comes betwixt
Almighty and the laws He fix'd.

Alas! that ever mind should yield
To baseless reasonings thus reveal'd,

Who see in Nature's ample store
The gifts of "chance," and nothing more;
While gloomy doubts their thoughts engage
Through hopeless youth to cheerless age.

What is prayer? the Christian's soul
Alone may comprehend the whole;
A privilege dear! and happy they
Who bend the knee in faith to pray—
Who find, 'mid every trial they meet,
A refuge at the Mercy Seat.

When seeks the syren voice of sin
To alien paths our course to win,
And spreads around, with subtle art,
Such wiles as lure the wavering heart;
We, halting on the "Narrow Way,"
The "small, still voice" cries, Trembler, pray.

Prayer is the one connecting cord
That keeps us ever near the Lord;
A link of love, a vital spark
That lights the world 'mid conflicts dark;
A solace 'neath affliction's rod,
That draws us daily nearer God.

When faithless ones our spirits vex,
And galling cares and doubts perplex;
When Passion's varying powers annoy,
How dear's the hour of hallow'd joy

That brings us in communion sweet
To rest in peace at Jesus' feet.

In self-reliance, helpless, weak,
We, turning to the Father, seek,
Through prayer and simple faith combined,
The strength we never fail to find;
It brings us treasures from above—
Sweet pledges of a Saviour's love.

Though worldlings scoff, what need we fear?
The soul is safe while *He* is near;
When sadden'd, worn, and sore opprest,
Through trustful prayer He gives us rest:
It is the balm for every woe
That tends our chequer'd course below;
It mingles with our latest breath,
And soothes the weary pangs of death.

KINDNESS.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

Oh! what a depth of tenderness that simple word calls forth—
A thousand memories dearer far than all the world is worth;

The cares that warp the anxious soul its magic power allays,
And to the sorrow-stricken heart a healing balm conveys:
When turbid Passion's allied powers besiege the captive mind,
Kindness, in mercy, liberates the better thoughts confined;
It passes, like a wandering star, athwart the gloom of night,
And strews the darkest paths of life with gems of sunny light;
It is the action of that touch that "makes the whole world kin;"
From scenes of strife to ways of peace its pleasure is to win.

The lightly-falling rains sink deep into the frozen earth,
Imparting to the tiny seed the power that gives it birth;
The sounding torrent sweeps along with devastating force,
Oft leaving naught but sunder'd ties and ruin in its course:
So, unkind words reach far, far down into the bosom's core,
Blighting the flowers of kindly thought that flourish'd there before;

While kindly utterances search deep below the rugged
ground,
Nourishing the germs of virtue there by icy pressures
bound:
Oh, then! amid life's conflicts dark, its warring strife
and din,
Let's scatter deeds of kindness round, some stricken
soul to win.

See'st thou that pale, wan figure there beneath that
arch we pass'd?
Neglected like a desert flower 'mid winter's chilling
blast;
The world reserves no smile for her, but usage, stern
and cold,
Hath chang'd that form, once beautiful, now prematurely
old;
A castaway on life's foul stream, swift down its current
borne;
A mark, the thoughtless and the proud look on with
loathing scorn:
Ah! note that look of wild despair, that agonizing
sigh,
Interpreted as hollow "sham" by every passer-by.
Breathe but that one word *sister*—oh! 'twill cheer the
gloom within,
And back to Virtue's sunny paths the erring wanderer
win.

Saw ye that faltering youth who down yon darksome alley turn'd?
Mark'd ye how in his restless eye a strange, wild frenzy burn'd?
Or noted ye with what distrust he shunn'd the gaze of men
As he hasten'd down the street's dark side towards yon loathsome den?
Where, quaffing deep sin's slumbrous draught, he strives yet to forget
The blighted hopes of other days, and many a wild regret:
Even *there* the sweet name *brother*, in Christian kindness breath'd,
Might yet dissolve the hidden sting deep in his conscience sheath'd,
And chase away the gloom that rests around the gyves of sin,
Till Hope reveals a fairer fame the suff'ring one may win.

'Twas kindness mov'd the pitying Lord when all around Him slept—
When, sad, in lone Gethsemane, the gentle Jesus wept:
Oh! hear how yearningly He pleads for pardon for His foes,
And breathes with sadd'ning tenderness a prayer for other's woes:

Kind was the voice that cheer'd the way poor, needy
sinners trod;
He deigns to call us *brothers* still, the Holy One of
God:
By His sacrificing kindness our eternal weal was plann'd,
And "Love ye one another" was the loving One's com-
mand.
Then, to unite in His just cause, in earnest let's begin;
For hard, indeed, must be the heart that *kindness* can-
not win.

HOPE.

WHAT is Hope? A beauteous maid,
Oft in dazzling garb array'd;
Ever fickle, ever fair,
Winning favours everywhere;
With alluring wiles and arts,
Coqueting with wayward hearts,
Lightly round whose treasure-cells
Encircles she her witching spells;
Smiling now, and wondrous kind,
To our every wish resign'd;
Now frowning, from our view she turns,
And all our fond advances spurns.

The mother, watching by her child,
With thoughts by holy love beguil'd,

Fondly fancies she can trace
Virtue's image in that face—
That tiny face, so calm and still;
Ah! can *it* show aught boding ill?
Will that placid brow so smooth,
Those eyes of innocence and truth,
Reflect the heat of passion's fire?
Or bear the stamp of base desire?
Or will that life disgrace a name
By pandering to the arts of shame?
While none may answer or appease
Such yearning reasonings as these;
Yet will Hope her presence show,
And, smiling blandly, whisper *No.*
Thus, through the lone and silent hours,
Fairy Hope is wreathing flowers—
Wreathing flowers with gentle art
Round the weary watcher's heart.

But there comes a parting hour,
And, crush'd beneath its sadd'ning power,
The mother breathes a last good-bye,
And sighing, weeps, she scarce knows why;
Long years may pass, and she must mourn,
In anxious mood, till he return:
Then, by-and-by dark rumours fling—
Like vultures hovering on the wing—
An om'nous shadow o'er her mind,
And dread forebodings, undefin'd,

Like thick'ning mists, obscuring fast
The sunny visions of the past:
Can it be true that tale she hears,
That mocks the voice of former years?
Has that young life she sought to train
To Virtue's ways received the stain
That all-pervading vice reveals,
Engraven on its fatal wheels?
Oh! could her heart but cease to know
That treasur'd dream of long ago:
Thus, Hope around her memory weaves
A brittle chain of wither'd leaves.

The buoyant youth, with ardent will,
Treads gaily up life's sunny hill;
While, step by step, Hope leads him on
In view of scenes where glory's won;
He stands within a world of dreams,
A fairy realm of purpling beams,
And sees, in visions, many a name
Engraven on the scroll of fame—
A dazzling scroll that flaunts unfurl'd
The envy of a wondering world;
'Mid picture-gleams of fancy, he,
Allur'd by Hope, can only see
The fair enchantments which she spreads
Along the flowery path she treads:
High flush'd with aspirations vain,
He firmer grasps her proffer'd chain—

The mystic chain that links his soul,
Aspirant, to the wished-for goal,
Where he the honour'd badge might claim
Of glory, power, and worldly fame;
Down whose alluring avenues
A splendid galaxy he views
Of honour'd worth of every clime,
Assembled from remotest time:
As proudly through his visions roll
Those stars of fame, his lofty soul
In emulation pants to gain,
The sphere where moves the lustrous train;
Yet, as the throng before him pass—
That brilliant pageantry—alas!
Ev'n then pale-visag'd Hope draws nigh,
And whispers, *It is time to die.*
Her glimm'ring torch still fain he'd clasp,
Too late! she turns, eludes his grasp;
Evanishing like waning moon
That quits the traveller's path too soon,
Till darkling forms pass o'er his sight,
Deep'ning the gloom of horrid night;
The chain his soul to fame had bound
In glitt'ring fragments gleam around—
Meet emblems of the meagre worth
Of vain pursuits pursued on earth.

Is there, then, no abiding Hope
Within the mind's retentive scope?

No spirit-voice of truth to guide
Us past this life's ambitious pride?
There is! though to the worldly mind
Her purpose is but ill-defined;
But round the Christian's life alone
Her influence like a charm is thrown;
To noble aims and pure desires
Her heavenly voice his soul inspires;
She shows him still, 'mid worldly loss,
The lasting glories of the Cross;
Though all around dread darkness seems,
Her radiant lamp before him beams;
When life's rough wanderings at last,
And all its trials of faith are past;
When earth resigns the parting soul,
And death's dark billows o'er him roll,
She never tires, nor leaves his side,
But bears him o'er the swelling tide
In safety to the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more.

AFFECTION.

THERE'S something in the heart of all,
A quenchless star-beam ling'ring there,
Whose latent spark
Gleams 'mid the dark,

Dark, deep'ning shades of brooding care,
And glows amid the gloom of sorrow:
A something, too, whose touch awakes
Hope's slumbering chords that sleep within
The cheerless breast,
With grief opprest;
As if some kindred thought 't would win,
Or from the past some joy to borrow.

'Tis what the mother feels when o'er
Her little fondling's form she bends
A wistful face,
As if to trace
What each soft, dimpling smile portends,
Companions now of sinless glee:
'Tis what yon pensive maiden feels
Who, lonely on the echoing shore,
Oft hears the voice
Of fancy's choice
Above the storm that rages o'er
The barque that bears *him* o'er the sea.

The buoyant youth, in whose bright eye
The fire of reckless ardour burns,
Feels, too, its warm
And glowing charm,
Till from each wild impulse he turns,
And, wrapt in bliss, each thought reposes.
The man of age, whose drooping form
The weight of years can scarce sustain,

New rapture feels
As o'er him steals
A gleam of youth's light joy again,
When chance some olden scene discloses.

The miser lone who with his gold
From social concourse dwells apart,
A yearning deep
Will sometimes sweep
Reproachf'ly through his craven heart,
Revived by some fond recollection:
Its presence smooths the roughest path
The course of passing time reveals;
Nor hate, nor change,
Can ere estrange
The wayward heart from what it feels—
The gentle influence of affection.

Affection, like a star that sheds
A glimmer on the darkest cloud,
Its rays illume
The deepest gloom,
When shadowing cares the heart enshroud,
Or when with silent grief 'tis riven.
Affection! 'tis a Pharos light,
That cheers us 'mid life's rugged blast,
Till weary, worn,
We reach that bourne
Where life is love, to find at last
Our ideal on the shores of heaven.

LOTTIE BELL.

THOU hast left us, happy child,
With the soft eyes beaming mild;
All was sunshine where you smil'd,
Little Lottie Bell.

Like a bright, though transient ray,
From our side you pass'd away,
Now to shine through endless day,
Happy Lottie Bell.

We have vainly sought to trace
In thy form and in thy face
Other than an earthly grace,
Pretty Lottie Bell.

Though all good in thee had birth,
Still, thy light and joyous mirth
Told thou wert a thing of earth,
Gentle Lottie Bell.

There was something in thine eye
Stay'd the pang of sorrow's sigh;
All was peace when thou wert nigh,
Artless Lottie Bell.

There was pity in thy heart
That to others could impart
Solace 'neath affliction's smart,
Lovely Lottie Bell.

There was music in thy voice,
A tender chord, whose only choice
Was to make the sad rejoice,
Darling Lottie Bell.

All that goodness could employ
Fill'd thy soul with heavenly joy—
Pleasures pure without alloy,
Peerless Lottie Bell.

In thy look, so sweetly fair,
Weary hearts, oppprest with care,
Sought for love and found it there,
Winsome Lottie Bell.

Pure and gentle as a dove
Came an angel from above,
Bore thee to the realms of love,
Sinless Lottie Bell.

Though we look for thee in vain
In this world of sin and pain,
Soon we'll hear thy voice again,
Little Lottie Bell.

FAITHLESS MARY.

CAN naught thy heart to pity move,
Or must it still unyielding prove?
Faithless Mary.
Oh! tell me, dear one, tell me why
Thy every glance, when I am nigh,
Draws from my breast the weary sigh?—
Pretty Mary.

Say, can that glance no more employ
The power that gave my spirit joy?
Winsome Mary:
Hast thou forgotten all we said,
Ere through my heart, like lightning, sped
The shaft that snapt hope's golden thread?
Sweetheart Mary.

Can love find no impassion'd word
To wake in thee an answering chord?
Oh! tell me, Mary:
One pardoning glance, from anger free;
One kind, familiar word from thee
Would yet restore glad peace to me,
And thee, my Mary.

Love's rosy dawn that woke the smile
That fell like sunny beams awhile
Around me, Mary;

Has coldness dimm'd the genial light
That shone ere scandal's chilling blight
Had chang'd its sunshine into night
So dreary, Mary.

And must despair's unerring dart
Still rankle in thy lover's heart
For ever, Mary?
Oh! cannot love, from pity born,
Revive the hope so rudely torn
By treachery's envenom'd thorn?
Oh! tell me, Mary.

GIBBIE.

Andrew Gibb, or "Gibbie," as he was popularly called, died at Dunse on 21st December, 1878, aged 77 years. An imbecile from birth, and never able to follow any employment, yet of a restless and at the same time harmless disposition, he grew up to become one of those characters who prove a feature of interest in almost every little community. He had the faculty of making himself familiar with, and finding a friend in, everybody, and without his regular appearance, merry laugh, and silly words, Dunse did not seem itself.—*Newspaper notice.*

I HEAR it said that Gibbie's deid,
Oor canny, hairmless Gibbie:
Ye folk o' Dunse gi'e grief response
And spare a tear for Gibbie.
We've kent him lang, yet kent nae ill
He ever wrocht us or himsel',
Syne let us speak in kindness still
O' puir auld Gibbie.

When we were bairnies at the schuil,
  We ferley'd sair at Gibbie;
We mock'd and tret 'im as a fuil—
  Mair sense than we had Gibbie;
Though "daft" he was, yet ne'er the ane
Was he the first tae cast a stane;*
I think in *that* there's few or nane
  Like puir auld Gibbie.

Though "snuffin'" was his only vice,
  Nae "sneeshin-mull" had Gibbie;
He made ilk coonter-can his choice,
  And nane said nay to Gibbie:
No' like a few wha'd think tae steal
Sic coonter gear ahint yer heel;
Na! na! an honest, social chiel
  Was puir auld Gibbie.

At naigie's heid, or cairter's jaud,
  Fou happy syne was Gibbie;
A bridle-rein or whup tae haud
  Was chief o' joys tae Gibbie:
The puir, dumb beasties seem'd tae ken
He wasna like tae ither men—
The law o' kindness seem'd the en'
  O' puir auld Gibbie.

* Alluding to his habit of throwing stones at his juvenile persecutors; the stones, however, invariably fell at a harmless distance.

The lassies, tae, a' cast a charm
  Aroond the heart o' Gibbie,
An' oft they'd tak' the proffer'd airm,
  An' just tae humour Gibbie;
While "Maggie" ser'd for ilka dame—
Nae maitter wha, 'twas a' the same—
It seem'd tae be a fav'rite name
        Wi' puir auld Gibbie.

We'll miss the auld-faur'd, laughin' face—
  A queer, droll laugh had Gibbie—
The toddlin' trot an' a' we'll miss
  That mark'd the gait o' Gibbie.
Buttons, whiles bigger than bawbees,
O' antique shapes, adorn'd his claes;
The lairger they the better pleas'd
        Was puir auld Gibbie.

A raiglar 'tendant o' the kirk—
  Nae hypocrite was Gibbie—
A duty he ne'er thocht tae shirk,
  Ilk Sabbath day gaed Gibbie.
Some inward light that a' men share,
His darken'd mind had guided there;
Ev'n Mercy's hand had that tae spare
        For puir auld Gibbie.

But fell Daith cam' an' nick'd the threid
  O' life that tether'd Gibbie;
Noo, in the mools, amang the deid,
  Lies a' we kenn'd o' Gibbie:

Nor daur we doot, or think it odd,
His shade has ta'en the heavenward road;
He seem'd tae ha'e an inklin' o't,
Did puir auld Gibbie.

THE MOONLIGHT LONG AGO.

'MID the billowy clouds, when a softened tinge
Mantles each crest with a silvery fringe,
I fix my wandering eye;
And there, through the dreamy light I trace,
On the dial of Fancy, a sweet, young face
Reflected in the sky;
Till, lovely and fair, in that dreamland hue
Smiles the one that I used to know,
With a look that told of a love so true,
In the moonlight long ago.

Now the tide of memory surges back,
Like a fresh'ning stream, o'er the misty track
Of many vanish'd years;
While visions of beauty seem passing o'er
The regions of Fancy, like dreams of yore,
Till on the scene appears
The rustic seat on the bowery hill,
With the rippling stream below;
And the eyes that vanquish'd my wayward will
In the moonlight long ago.

And I linger long near the shaded well,
By the mossy bank, in the ferny dell,
With fairy-eyed Lizette;
And again I pause 'neath the rowan tree,
Where oft in the summer gloamings we
As happy lovers met;
Where, 'tranc'd in a blissful muse, I've dreamed
'Neath the heaven that seem'd to glow
In those wondrous eyes—so fair they seem'd
In the moonlight long ago.

Now I linger again 'mid the silvery sheen
Of night that spangles the dewy green,
Where merry, bright eyes glance;
And I see the virgin blush that dyed
The dimpling cheek of my new-made bride
As we join in the bridal dance;
While her tresses fall o'er a bosom fair,
Like sunset on a wreath of snow,
And I count each curl as it nestled there
In the moonlight long ago.

But I turn once more to the little vale,
Where many a love-fraught whisper'd tale
Insured the lover's faith;
And my vision rests on the sombre bier
Of my sleeping bride, while bereavement's tear
Hallows the scene of death;

So I wake from my trance, with the passing ray
  Of expiring hope, to know
That my love-dream for ever hath pass'd away
  With the moonlight long ago.

ISA BELL.

Ay! well I remember the sorrowless hour
  When we as fond lovers stood
    'Mong the aftermath,
    Where the valley path
  Leads down the old pine wood!
Then I thought, as the fairy moonbeams weav'd
  Enchantments o'er the scene,
That you seem'd as fair as beauteous Eve
  In Paradise had been;
And the charm of thy beauty encircled my heart
  Like a sweet poetic spell,
    Till I wander'd, 'twould seem,
    In a shadowless dream,
  In thy presence, Isa Bell.

Yes! this is the spot where we stood and gaz'd
  On the beautiful scene below;
    For beautiful then
    Was the fairy glen
  In the tints of a vernal glow.

'Twas here, half doubting, first I dared
  To call thee by thy name,
When sweet and guileless from thy lips
  Responsive whisp'rings came—
And I knew by the light of thy starry eyes,
  Far truer than words could tell,
    The secret part
    Of thy yielding heart—
  And I bless'd thee, Isa Bell.

We met when the beams of the springtide moon
  Fill'd the cups of the twinkling flowers—
    Fair, fair as the light
    Of our hopes that night,
  When youth and its joys were ours.
Yet it seems to me, as I sorrowing muse
  On the dear, familiar past,
Thy breathings were cruel as the wind that strews
  Spring blossoms to the scathing blast:
One autumn night, like an omen, hung
  O'er the lonely broomwood dell,
    And a damp chill crept
    O'er the world that slept—
  And we parted, Isa Bell.

Oh! when backward I look to the times that were,
  Through the mists that have gather'd between,
    A vision will pass
    O'er my soul, alas!
  In the likeness of what hath been.

Perchance, when alone in the silent night,
  In that far-off home of thine,
A wandering thought may take its flight
  To the scenes of sweet lang syne;
Or, perchance, a cold shadow of scorn may flit
  O'er thy mind at the thought—ah, well!
    Though the joys of yore
    May return no more,
  Still I'll love thee, Isa Bell.

NORHAM BRAES.

INSCRIBED TO M. J. T.

WHEN sank the sun behind yon scaur,
An' gently 'woke the evening star;
When the gloamin', like a wizard, wove
A glamour round the whisp'ring grove;
When blythly sweet the lo'esome merle
  Sang love-lilts 'mid the scene,
    Wi' guileless áirt
    Ye wyl'd my hairt
  On Norham braes sae green.

And like yon evening star that gave
A lustre to Tweed's darkling wave,
Thine eye's soft influence o'er me stole,
And left its image on my soul;

The mystic power I canna name
  That sway'd thy bright blue een,
    And gave unrest
    Unto my breast
  On Norham braes sae green.

And while ye prais'd the merle that sang
Tae his wee mate the birks amang,
Then dearer far tae me the choice
To note the accents of thy voice;
And, oh! 'twas nameless bliss tae me,
  Dear, winsome Maggie-Jean,
    When tranc'd the while
    Beneath thy smile
  On Norham braes sae green.

Had I but riches to bestow,
What wad I gi'e?—what wad I no'?—
Tae win me back the gloamin' hours
I spent wi' thee by Norham Towers,
When bird-notes wi' the spicy gales
  Rose upward frae the dene,
    An' trembled lang,
    Like fairy's sang,
  On Norham braes sae green.

Though Fate may weise me far frae thee,
My fondest, dearest wish will be
Tae roam thae fairy scenes ance mair
An' tell tae thee my bosom's care;

Tae me, dear lassie, wad it be
The wale o' joys, I ween,
My heart tae tine
In winning thine
On Norham braes sae green.

THE LOVER.

In shady glen
I saw him, when
The summer sun was setting—
Whose ling'ring beams,
In scatter'd streams,
Fell through the trelis'd netting,
'Neath leafy screen
That veil'd the scene,
Upon a bank reclining,
The lover there,
With pensive air,
Sat, floral chaplets 'twining.

A sylvan brook
From out its nook
Ran merrily onward singing,
Like crystal beads
O'er moss and reeds,
Bright silvery spray-drops flinging;
The feathered throng,
The boughs among,

Their vesper lays were chanting;
The lone youth cried,
"'Tis sweet"; yet sighed,
"But still there's something wanting."

Far through the glade,
And emerald shade,
The blackbird's notes were thrilling;
While, all around,
Glad Nature's sound
The greenwood copse was filling;
But charms more dear,
In fancy near,
His longing breast was haunting,
And still the same
Sad murmur came—
"Sweet eve, thy charm is wanting."

The song flow'd still
From the singing rill,
Like the sounds of fairy laughter,
While the boughs kept time
With a rust'ling chime
To the tones of limpid water;
But thoughts opprest
That weary breast,
All other joys supplanting;
For, ah! too plain
That sigh again
Betrayed a something wanting.

A lay of love
Thrills through the grove
And trembles o'er the meadows;
Now some one stirs
The whisp'ring firs
And glides between the shadows—
"'Tis Sylvia's voice,"
The lover cries:
Now Sylvia smiles to bless
That twilight scene,
What erst had been
A loveless wilderness.

BACCHUS IN A DILEMMA.

Ae dark yuil nicht, when, cauld an' late,
Rab stauchart on his hameward gait,
While Boreas drave wi' furious rate
The snaw-drifts fit tae blind 'im.
When half-way ower the Staney Mair,
He heard a voice low, gruff, an' steer,
An' syne a something unco near
Pat, pattin' up behind 'im.

Thinks Rab, "I'm suirly in for't noo,"
As ower the driftit riggs he flew;
His bannet tae the wunds he threw,
His staff and a' thegether.

The viewless something in the rear
Approach'd aye nearer and mair near;
Rab skelpit on, like hounded deer,
For lang he wistna whither.

The leafless trees did wail an' murn;
And madly roar'd the drumly burn
That swamp'd the pass at ilka turn,
As onward he did joggle,
When, horrors croon'd!—what's that he saw?
A cloven hoof-mark 'mang the snaw;
While, straucht fornent 'im, on a wa',
Sat Clootie, or a boggle.

The cauld sweat startit frae his brow;
His spare teeth chattert in his mow;
The very hair upon his pow
Stood upon-end like stibble—
As, snoolin' in an auld moss drain,
The monster crouch'd, as black as Cain;
As stiff an' grim's a kirkyard stane,
An' toom's a bassoon fiddle.

But Rab let play his cutty whuttle—
A time-tried, honest piece o' metal—
It slippit yont auld Keekum's thrapple,
Gin it had been a sheddy.
"Haud fast yer toy, ma valiant tyke,"
Spak Nicky-Ben frae yont the dyke;
"We'll meet yet, suiner than ye'd like;
Just wait ye till I'm ready."

An' syne the yirth, like clashin' steel,
Yawn'd wide, an', wi' an eerie yell,
His wuzzent Nickship flew pell-mell
Swift yont the Stygian portals.
Blue wild-fire shot athwart the linn,
Like squibs careerin' i' the win'—
A nicht mair drear there ne'er was yin
In a' the mind o' mortals.

The burns were lash'd tae crimson floods,
That gush'd, like blood-streams, ower the roads;
An' through the dark an' lanesome wuds
They shap'd their muddy windings.
The terrors o' that dowie night,
That raise upon Rab's startled sight,
Wad cowe the boldest heart in spite
O' a' its sacred bindings.

Yett-posts appeared, like gibbet-hags,
A' flunc'd aboot wi' rumpl't rags,
While corpse-lights flickerin' yont the bogs
'Tween ilka bar seem'd keekin'.
When near the bend o' Batty's Loan,
Rab heard a hollow, soughin' moan,
A strange, unyirthly, gruesome croon,
Syne saw he something reekin'.

His heart against his ribs gaed thump;
For, in a hideous, shapeless lump,
Upon a rotten birken stump,
Sat him wha's name is Legion.

A' reason noo seem'd cleft in twain;
Like heated skewers through the brain
Ran noo his thochts, an' ilka vein
Thrill'd at the awfu' vision.

An' quicker than I've ta'en tae tell,
Lap ower the ditch, the fiend sae fell,
Wi' brandish'd dairts an' horrid yell,
He sprang aboot like lightnin';
While a' aroond the reekin' stumps
Crawl'd thoosands o' the lowin' imps,
In shape an' hue like monster shrimps,
Wi' een like balls o' whitnin'.

Auld Horny-Cloots, wi' eldritch wail,
Besat Rab stridlin's ower his tail,
And, rattlin' through the trees, like hail
They thro' the air went whizzin'.
High, high abune the mirky wuds
The imps career'd, like bleezin' duds,
And, flashin' through the rifted cluds,
The yellin' horde gaed fizzin'.

Through a' that lang, dark, dreary nicht
The crew pursued their onward flicht;
While, far beneath, a lurid licht
Frae mony a howe was gleamin'.
Nick gied a hitch, but naething spak,
An' cuist Rab skirlin' aff his back;
Beneath 'im roll'd the fiery track,
An' sic a frightfu' screamin'.

Doon, doon towards the sulphurous sheen
He fell, wild demons howl'd between;
Just syne he op'd his blearit een,
An' faund he had been dreamin'.

* * * *

Tak' tent, ilk drouthy Bacchanale,
An' list the moral o' my tale,
Suid alcoholic powers prevail,
An' haud thy soul at tether;
In some near-hand, uncanny hour,
Tae seek remede ye'll tine the power;
And Charon instead will row thee ower
The dark, dark Stygian river,
Where shapes, distortit, girn an' snool,
'Yont mortal ken; in some queer hole,
Ye'll come tae dree wi' muckle dool
Yer weary weird for ever.

THE WHITADDER.

WHILE nobler bards in numbers tell
Of tragic scenes where heroes fell,
While legendary themes inspire
The lofty Muse with classic fire;
'Mid humbler scenes I'll tune my lyre,
And sing the charms of Edra.*

* The stream, in the days of the early Saxons, was designated "Edra," and is supposed to have derived its name from its association with Edwin, King of Northumbia (617-33), whose territories extended to the Firth of Forth.—*George Turnbull, W.S., F.R.S.E.*

Where zephyrus roams the wooded hills;
Where flowerets kiss the wanton rills;
Where sports at will the wild cascade,
Like sunlight flashing 'mid the shade;
Where chant the minstrels of the glade,
I'll, wand'ring, muse by Edra.

'Twas here, in childhood's sunny hours,
I gathered Freedom's fairest flowers,
And felt, since then, Affection's charm,
Like sunshine bursting through the storm,
Which seem'd to hallow every form
Among thy scenes, O Edra.

I've heard of times when clan pursued
Its rival clan in bloody feud;
And here I've pass'd, in lonely dell,
The moss-grey cairn, where sages tell
Some Border chieftian fought and fell
Long, long ago by Edra.

Against the sky, on heathery height,
Dark, looming, like a cloud of night,
Stands "Edin's Hall," with aspect sage,
Mute record of a bygone age,
The oldest chief of history's page,
Upon the heights of Edra.

O'er tracks obscured will Fancy bring
Back olden times, when Saxon king

Here with his loyal squadrons trod
The bracken fells, in warlike mood,
Where foemen fought, where foeman's blood
Deep dyed the stream of Edra.

And, mould'ring on yon wooded mound—
With hoary moss of centuries crown'd—
The ancient Castle of Blanerne,
'Mid shadows dark, and waving fern,
In silence rests a shapeless cairn
Upon the braes of Edra.

Still to the ear there seems to float
The mystic lore of times remote,
When Superstition's veil was flung
Around the Druid halls, that sprung
'Mid pagan mysteries, among
The forest shades of Edra.

And, later still, when martyrs' blood
Deep mingled with the freshening flood;
When psalms that burst from pious breath,
And prayer, array'd in simple faith,
Arose amid the fires of death
That lit the plains of Edra.

But smiles of peace and beauty now
Are sweetly spread o'er Nature's brow,

And with the scented zephyr floats
Soft harmony of woodland notes,
Vibrating from a thousand throats
Along the vale of Edra.

How sweet when blending lights and shades
Of Summer tint the forest glades,
When soft and dreamy murmurings,
Like music fann'd by fairy wings,
Sigh through the balmy copse that flings
Its shadowy charms o'er Edra.

Or when the winds of Autumn swell
Through murm'ring cove or ferny dell—
When, like some sweet Eolian strain,
That gently falls, then swells again,
Echo prolongs the glad refrain
Among the woods of Edra.

And, charming still, when tempests sweep
O'er open wold and rugged steep,
When Nature's softer charms are past,
And all around, like mist, is cast
The eddying drift, on boreal blast
That rends the heart of Edra.

When torrents roll in crimson waves,
Startling the echoes of the caves,

I've seen, amid the tempest's shocks,
Hugh trees uprooted from the rocks,
And cattle, swept from wand'ring flocks,
Borne down the tide of Edra.

I've seen the moisten'd cheek grow pale,
As Pity told the direful tale
How some poor, lone, belated wight
Had wander'd from the path by night,
And rose, with morning's glimm'ring light,
A lifeless waif from Edra.

And, oh! when fairer scenes at last,
And purer joys are round me cast;
When prostrate in the arms of death,
To sigh the wish, on parting breath,
With kindred dust to sleep beneath
The weeping shades of Edra.

SWALLOWDEAN BURN.

By streams have I wander'd, and mused on their worth,
'Mong the vales of the South and the glens of the North;
Where the slopes of green Erin fair fancies beguile
Have I dream'd by her waters, and listened the while
To their voices that murmur'd then
On through the reedy glen,

Where dark, frowning foliage makes twilight the day;
Where the fairy-toned zephyr sings,
Sweet as love's whisperings,
Till my spirit seem'd borne on its breathings away:
Still a dearer ne'er haunts me wherever I turn
Than the sweet siller ripple o' Swallowdean Burn.

What tales might ye tell o' the auld feudal times,
The days o' war-revels and dark, dowie crimes;
There's a spot 'yont the loanan where oft when a bairn
Hae I wander'd tae gaze on the solit'ry cairn—
Where, low in the foggy dell,
D'Arcy the Beauty fell
'Neath the stern fiat of vengeance and pride;
Who knows but there might have been
Borne from that bloody scene
Trophies that crimson'd thy pure crystal tide;
Tho' the warrior lies low, and unhonour'd his urn,
Still his shade seems to live in thy voice, bonnie Burn.

Oh! my heart grows glad as that merry wee sang
Comes sweet as the bright, happy mem'ries that thrang
Roond the blythe, bonnie scenes o' the canty lang syne,
When the free, buoyant glee o' thy bosom were mine;
When I, an' wee cronies fain,
Chas'd down the flowery lane,
Free as the lammies that roam'd the green hills;
Till, dirty an' duddy, we
Tarried till night wi' thee,
Biggin' clay dams for oor wee water-mills,

Little thinkin' the while we'd ha'e reason tae murn,
'Neath a hame-whittled swutch, oor mad pranks at
the Burn.

Oh! thae auld days o' freedom, how peerless they seem,
While they cling to my thoughts like a bonnie love-
dream;
'Twas here, 'neath the glamour of beauty, I woo'd
On thy banks, bonnie burnie, the maiden I lo'ed;
And oft at the gloamin' fa'
Gather'd wild blossoms braw,
And seen them glint bonnie, like gems, on her breast;
Then watch'd, wi' a lover's pride,
Her sweet face wi' blushes dyed,
Fair, fair as the sunset that crimson'd the west:
Oh! a spell aye fa's ower me wherever I turn,
When mem'ry brings back the auld days at the Burn.

This life's fu' o' changes, and mony I've seen
Sin' the days I first roam'd ower thy hillocks sae green;
Yet a' through thy wand'rings nae change can I see,
Yer the same now as then, as an auld freend tae me;
Delightsome's thy playfu' din
As past me ye whimplin' rin,
Kissing the flowerets that smile on thy mirth;
And aye as ye dance alang,
Sweet is thy merry sang,
Tae me there's nane sweeter or dearer on earth:
Though afar I may wander, and ne'er tae return,
Thou'lt ever gae wi' me, thou bonnie wee Burn.

THE FRIEND OF BYGONE DAYS.

Oh! rowan tree,
Ye bring tae me
Sweet visions o' the past;
That tremble back
O'er memory's track,
Like sunbeams 'mid the blast;
'Twas here, ere childhood's years were fled,
In the autumn's gloamin' haze,
I cam' tae pree thy berries red
With the friend of bygone days.

Oh! rowan tree,
I've stood by thee
In the lang-gane summer hours,
When whisp'ring gales,
Like lover's tales,
Sigh'd 'mong thy virgin flowers:
In hopeful boyhood here I dream'd
Aught but the warld's ways;
Sae couthy, kind the warld seem'd
With the friend of bygone days.

Oh! rowan tree,
Again I see,
Through the mist of memory's tear,
A pairtin' scene,
Where freends had been
Sae happy and sae dear;

The gloamin' had chas'd the last day-beam,
And a cauld mist happ'd the braes,
When I bid farewell tae the valley stream
And the friend of bygone days.

Oh! rowan tree,
There canna be,
'Mang a' the scenes that vie,
With charms combin'd,
Tae soothe the mind,
Or please the captive eye,
A scene like this, where now I roam
In Fancy's fairy maze,
Through the dear old lane, by the valley home,
With the friend of bygone days.

Oh! rowan tree,
What wad I gi'e
If my fondest wish could wile
Frae yon far place
The auld kent face,
And the same auld kindly smile?
But, no; though I ken that place be fair—
Too fair for a mortal's gaze—
In the "by-and-by" I may wander there
With the friend of bygone days.

LUCKY'S BEN-END.

In oor ain canny toon there are folks we a' ken—
A fell, clannish medley o' women an' men—
Wha speir o' yer merits, syne, sure o' their mark,
Will snool at yer heels like a cur in the dark;
And, lang ere ye wat o't, the ill-faurant breed
Ha'e worrit yer name, reputation, an' creed;
The wecht o' yer purse they can tell, an' the girth
O' ye gear-haudins doon frae yer gran'faither's birth;
A' the wonderfu' legends that never were penn'd
May be got for the speirin' in Lucky's Ben-end.

Should a weel-meanin' lassie but tak' the lad's pairt,
Wha keeps the bit key o' her kindly wee hairt,
Wha, sin' the first day they foregether'd thegether,
Ne'er had a waur faut than in lovin' ilk ither;
And her thochts, aye sae guileless, ne'er took a waur turn
Than tae pree her Jock's mou' ower a reel at the "kirn;"
A lang-wundit story suin springs frae the ac',
An' a score o' glibe clappers are wagg'd at her back;
And ower a bit sowp o' the finest o' "blend"
She's fairly dissectit in Lucky's Ben-end.

As wasps, when wi' hunger an' deevilment prest,
Will wale frae yer yairdie its treasures the best,
Sae best guidit folks are maist likely tae feel
The bite o' thir reivers o' a'body's weal:

O' auld family stories they'll rake up a screed,
Which they got, they will sweer, *frae a very shuir heid,*
Till yer render'd kenspeckle in a'body's e'e,
An' a'body's gibes ye are likely tae dree:
  Oh! it's little that's miss'd and it's muckle that's kenn'd
  By the glibe-gabbit clashites o' Lucky's Ben-end.

They ne'er ha'e a thocht, or they never tak' tent
O' the ills they create or the woes they augment;
For while the queer bodies sic weys are pursuin',
Their ain hame affairs are fast rinnin' tae ruin;
While Falsehood rins riot, Discretion complains
On behalf o' their duddy, neglectit bit weans;
For examples are theirs, o' the warst ye could find,
Which, like maggots in offal, are bred in the mind;
  Fell and false are the tales they sae glibely defend,
  And there ne'er comes a guid yin frae Lucky's Ben-end.

But it's needless tae speak, for they'll ne'er tak' the hint,
But claiver amain till a' power they ha'e tint;
Sic freaks cam' in fashion when Eden, lang syne,
Was robb'd of its peace and its glory divine;
When Satan in envy and treachery spake
Gross treason an' lies thro' the fangs o' a snake;
An' sin' the first day the foul practice began,
Thro' the warld like a stream of pollution it 's ran;
  Though its source be exhaustless, ye may justly depend
  On a routh o' the wale o't in Lucky's Ben-end.

SCANDAL.

A REPLY TO THE PRECEDING.

A' YE men an' ye maidens I'm sure 'twad amuse
You last week to read in the far-famed *News*
Some lines upon *scandal* by yin that's weel kenn'd;
Sic nonsense, I'm sure, there never was penn'd
'Nent mine and my ain sister Lucky's Ben-end.

It's a' very weel tae walk stricht on the street,
Be canty wi' cronies when cronies ye meet;
But sic bare-faced impudence never was kenn'd,
To shoot yer lang neck intae Lucky's Ben-end.

What has mortals to dae wi' my sister's black han's,
Her tubs an' her bussoms, her pats an' her pans,
Her midnight sit-up when she's torn claes tae mend?
She naebody harms in her cozy Ben-end.

Tho' noo she is auld, the best days o' her life
She's spent wi' kind Geordie, wha ca's her "Guidwife,"
And tells hoo for hoose cares she nobly wad fend,
And keeps aye sae cheery his Lucky's Ben-end.

The bairns are weel up, e'en the youngest can say
His creed an' his grammar, an' geography tae;
An' Meg at the mill her ain cash noo can spend,
An dress wi' the brawest in ony Ben-end.

An' Jim can noo smoke wi' his dad by the fire,
And mend, when it's needed, a table or chair:
Kate's at service, and Wully the bad shoon does mend,
And helps tae keep comfort in Lucky's Ben-end.

And my sister hersel', guid faith, she's the same
When he gangs awa' or when Geordie comes hame;
What wi' workin' an' washin' the like was ne'er kenn'd;
There's nae time for clashes in Lucky's Ben-end.

And yet this bit callant speaks lichtly o' her
Wha's made Geordie's hame a' her pride an' her care;
But if Jim comes across him, it suin will be kenn'd
What *clashes* can come oot o' Lucky's Ben-end.

TO KATE.

A RESPONSE TO THE FOREGOING.

GUID mornin', Kate, glibe, saucy quean,
Whae'er ye be, yer no' a frien';
It seems tae me yer clapper's clean
Swung aff its hinges;
While sense has flown far yont, I ween,
Its proper ranges.

My ill-timed screed I little thocht
Wad ever sic ill feelin' brocht,

Or that its random flight had socht
Sae sure a mark;
I'm sorry noo the thing has wrocht
Sic fashus wark.

It must ha'e been a teuchish nibble
Tae pit ye intae sic a habble,
That ye suid tine yer wuts tae scribble
'Gainst common-sense,
An' raux yer jaws tae yelp an' giggle
At *ma* expense.

I wonder yet whene'er I see
That puzzlin' medley strung by thee—
Why ye should hint sic things tae *me*
Appears a myst'ry;
I carena for yer pedigree
Or family hist'ry.

D' ye really think that I intend
Tae shoot my neck in *your* Ben-end,
The waukrife *midnicht* hoors tae spend?
I wad be laith,
At *sic* an hoor tae smoor 'mang *bend*
And kits o' *graith.*

But gie's yer hand, we'll naething lack
By joggin' on in freendship's track;

That screed o' mine was but an ac'
O' rhymin' frolic;
Sae let's forget it ower a crack
In hamely Doric.

Believe me, Kate, that aimless dairt
Was never meant tae touch *your* hairt;
I'm doonricht vext 'twas made tae smert
Sae dreedfu' sair;
Tho' hoo it venturt sic an airt
Seems unco queer.

It's no' ma wey tae crack a joke
Upon the heids o' daicent folk,
Enough ha'e we tae stand the shock
O' senseless rowdies,
Wha at oor heels their noses poke
Like heavin' moudies.

There's little use in grievin' ower't,
Tho' hoo it chanc'd tae fa' sae short,
And warsle inta sic a port,
I canna tell,
Tho' maybe there are reasons for't,
Ye'll ken yersel'.

Ye ha'e yersel' my best o' wishes,
Better by far than doolfu' clashes,

Which harl the feelin's inta hashes
Like red-het steel;
He's no' tae lippen wha tongue-lashes
His neebour's weal.

And lang may Geordie tak' the lead
Amang his "craft" for skill an' speed;
Lang may he draw a knotless threed
Withoot a tether;
And pause betimes tae whiff his weed
'Mang pegs an' leather.

And, Meg, I wish her a' that's weel,
Suin may she wed some honest chiel',
Ha'e weans tae toddle at her heel,
A' plump an' rosy,
Wi' stamiks hale, an' routh o' meal
Tae mak' their brosie.

Guid day, then, Kate, I'll no' complain
Gin some day suin we meet again;
I'm quite prepared tae haud my ain,
But should ye swither
In ony dreed tae come yer lane,
Just *bring the brither.*

M A R Y.

How still is the spot where alone, love,
  'Neath the shade of the sycamore tree,
When I, with life's cares weary grown, love,
  Oft seek an hour's solace with thee;
With thee; though 'tis but an illusion,
  How true to my fancy it seems,
And sweet as the love-born effusions
  Softly breath'd by the spirit of dreams.

There are eyes beaming soft as the starlight,
  That falls on the dew-spangled flowers;
There's a voice in the stillness of twilight
  Breathing love in the sycamore bowers;
'Tis sigh'd by the breeze-bended willows—
  Sweet, sweet as the love-tales of yore;
Its cadence is borne on the billows
  That ripple and break on the shore.

And a something, though nameless, dear Mary,
  Pervades the calm air of the scene,
Whose presence seems never to vary
  From the dear, dear joys that have been;
That have been; ay! and still will be ours, love,
  As pure and as hallow'd as when
We told our love-dreams 'mong the flowers, love,
  By thy cot far away in the glen.

THE FLORAL GIFT.

LONG, long did I gaze on the delicate flowers
  Till they seem'd, in their language, to speak
Of a blossom that rival'd the rose's hue
  That bloom'd on thy beautiful cheek;
So I kiss'd the fair flowers, then placed in my breast
Those emblems of love in sweet unity prest.

I could cherish them less had an Elvan Queen
  Cull'd the gems from enchanted bowers,
Bearing fragrance more sweet than a zephyr's breath
  Passing over the sweetest of flowers;
For they came to me, love, from thy kindly hand,
All charm'd by the magic of Cupid's wand.

Their frail, folded petals are withering now,
  And will soon become scentless and dead,
While the shades will depart from their tinted leaves
  Which they bore ere their fragrance had fled;
When no earthly charm could their beauty outvie
Save the radiant light of thy beautiful eye.

Still, from my bosom, where I placed them with care,
  Their remembrance will never depart;
But the seal of true love will impress them there,
  And their beauty will garland my heart;
In whose core, dear girl, they will blossom anew,
Fresh and fair in the fountain of memory's dew.

AFFECTION'S GIFT.

THOUGH we may prize true friendship's gift,
And own it gives us pleasure,
Time may employ some other joy
And cast aside the treasure;
But when the hand of love bestows
The tribute of affection,
'Neath Time's fell sway can ne'er decay
Its treasur'd recollection.

There comes at times, 'mid lonely hours,
A sweet, impressive feeling,
When thoughts will flow to long ago,
Youth's happy scenes revealing;
Then some dear relic of the past
May tender thoughts awaken,
And bring us back, o'er Memory's track,
Love's pledges unforsaken.

When other joys dissolve beneath
The shadowy veil of sorrow,
That joy will last, and from the past
Sweet inspiration borrow;
While 'mid the wreck of shatter'd hopes
Still lives the recollection,
When youth and love together wove
The bonds of true affection.

THE AULD QUARRY KNOWE.

TWA couthy wee cronies were Willie and I,
  Fu' o' daffin' frae mornin' till e'en;
Where the tain was intent on some new-fangled ploy,
  Aye the tither the foremist was seen;
And we ne'er had a thocht, in thae auld faurant days,
  O' the ills ilka body maun dree;
Unconscious o' a' the big warld and its ways,
  Twa happy wee laddies were we,
As we sportit an' sang through the summer days lang
  'Mang the broom on the Auld Quarry Knowe.

Up the bosky howe linn, where the water-craw dooks,
  And laves his white briest 'mang the faim,
We ha'e scrambled for hoors 'mang the windin's an' nooks
  Tae seek for his moss-theekit hame:
And weel dae I mind, when a wild, rowin' spate
  Bore the wee, cozy biggin' awa',
Hoo we faund it, days efter, a' drookit wi' weet,
  And the feckless bit birdies an' a';
Hoo thegether we sat, unco dowie, an' grat
  Lang an' sair on the Auld Quarry Knowe.

But sorrow an' dool, tho' sair be their stang,
  Suin flee frae the happy young mind;
For sweet are the bright, airy visions that thrang
  Round the heart where pure joys are enshrined.

We ha'e pu'd the gean-blossom as white as the snaw,
  And the bloom o' the denty slae-thorn,
And the wee fairy gowan, sae dear tae us a',
  Glintin' bright wi' the dew-draps o' morn
That hang frae ilk stem, like a bonnie wee gem,
  Lang syne on the Auld Quarry Knowe.

But the days wore on, and the time slippit roond,
  When we were wee laddies nae mair;
And there craup, 'mang the pleasures o' youth, the stound
  O' the first weary feelin's o' care,
And the gloamin'-light dwin'd 'neath the moon's pale beam
  That silver'd night's shadowy veil;
Every murmur was hush'd save the rush o' the stream,
  As we breathed the last tender fareweel;
When dowie and wae, we pairtit for aye
  That night on the Auld Quarry Knowe.

And a tear o' regret cam' tae kind Willie's e'e—
  Though he wishtna his cronie tae ken—
As we left the brae-side an' the green rowan tree,
  And a' the blythe cherms o' the glen.
Sae the years sped on, and I saw him nae mair,
  But keen was the sorrow tae me
That sank on my heart, like the grasp o' despair,
  When Willie cam' hame—but tae dee;
But his mem'ry will last till my spirit hath pass'd
  Wi' its cares frae the Auld Quarry Knowe.

Weary warslin's oft fa' tae the wanderer's lot,
  And the wale o' the warst may be mine,
Yet the weicht o' it a' winna lessen a thocht
  O' the freend o' the days o' lang syne.
There's a sweet hame abune, where the faithfu' an' true
  Are free frae a' strivin's an' care,
And I wait—for the years o' a lifetime are few—
  For ever tae rest wi' him there:
Oh! I miss my auld freen' as I wander at e'en
  Alane on the Auld Quarry Knowe.

LINES

ON THE OCCASION OF A DINNER GIVEN TO THE TENANTRY AND SERVANTS, IN HONOUR OF THE MARRIAGE OF LIEUTENANT LOGAN HOME OF BROOMHOUSE, ON THE EVENING OF THE 4TH MARCH, 1878.

SAY, hast thou tarried by some country lane
To note the greetings of a peasant train,
As each new comer swell'd the little band,
And warmly press'd his neighbour's proffer'd hand?
And hast thou mark'd the unassuming ease;
The homely speech that never fails to please;
The steady glance unused to tutor'd art;
The kindly wish that spoke the honest heart;
The glow of health that tinged the manly face;
The simple ease that mark'd each rustic grace;
The lightsome laugh that told where'er 'twas spent,
The wholesome virtues of a heart content?

Thus form'd the little group so lately seen
Assembled round the hearth of Swallowdean,
Whose mingling voices equal fervour shared
To bless the nuptials of the youthful Laird—
The generous youth! whose lib'ral hand had stored
With rich and ample cheer the festal board.

Had but the image of a lingering care
Disturbed the purpose of a tenant there,
The clouded eye soon caught a kindling flame,
And beam'd at mention of the honour'd name;
It needed but a breath to name it once,
And every voice rang out in full response;
'Mid deaf'ning cheers they pass'd the brimming toast,
And pledg'd the mem'ry of their absent host;
Then paus'd, amid the homely speech, to tell
The merits of the one they lov'd so well;
And wish'd the laurels of a HOME might grace
The worthy scion of that noble race.

Old age and youth were there, and stalwart swains,
And buxom maidens who, in vocal strains,
Alternately would charm the listening throng,
And close the joyous intervals with song—
Those grand old songs, whose antiquated ryhmes
Revived the latent spirit of old times,
That in the breast of many an ancient sire
Had fann'd the spark of patriotic fire,
Or breathed the essence of a gentler flame
That thrill'd the soul with love's endearing theme:
So flowed glad mirth with undulating swell,
"And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Thus sped the hours till Time, with visage worn,
Proclaim'd the advent of the infant morn;
And then the little band, with spirits gay,
In scattered groups betook their homeward way—
To be remember'd, as a joy-beam cast
Athwart the shadows of the slumbering past.

THE BRAES O' BLANERNE.

THERE lingers a charm, like a ray that is cast
From the morning sky of the shadowless past;
It has follow'd me on thro' the swift gliding years,
Undimm'd by their shadows, unquench'd by their tears;
It beams like a star when its wee, bonnie licht
Blinks cheerily oot through the shadows o' nicht;
'Tis the sweet recollection, though cherish'd wi' pain,
That wafts me in dreams tae the days that are gane,
When I, wi' my playmates, a thochtless wee bairn,
Ran wild 'mang the haughs and the braes o' Blanerne.

From the love-hallow'd past I ne'er can forget,
The voice of a friend seems tae speak tae me yet,
Whose youthful face, radiant with friendship's glow,
Like a fair vision haunts me where'er I go;
He lives, as I knew him, in boyhood and youth,
His noble eye beaming with honour and truth;

But I wake from the fancy that draws him sae near,
And turn tae the prospect sae lanely and drear
For the flowers that he lov'd, and the green, dewy fern
Drap tears ower his grave near the braes o' Blanerne.

And there was another, as pure as a flower,
Caress'd by the zephyr at evening's still hour,
Whose smile lingers near me still, fair as the beam
Of an angel's eye, in a beautiful dream,
Till the old love thrills my lone bosom somehow,
And scenes that have vanish'd come back to me now;
While I clasp the dear hand, as we murmur'd farewell,
On the banks of fair Edra that winds thro' the dell:
Oh! I little thocht then that my ain dawtie Mairn
Wad return never mair tae the braes o' Blanerne.

There are dear ones around, but I listen in vain
For the voice that will speak to me never again;
Yet, oft as I ponder o'er hopes that are dead,
Fond mem'ry revives the dear smiles that have fled.
As a hovering star that reflects its soft beam
On the turbulent breast of the dark, swelling stream,
The charm of that mem'ry will rest on my heart,
Till in death's dark oblivion all feeling must part;
When they'll lay me to rest by the moss-cover'd cairn,
In the auld kirkyaird near the braes o' Blanerne.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

HARK! hark! to the voice of the midnight wind,
How gently it sighs like a maiden kind;
Like whisp'rings that float with a woodland stream,
Or the breathings of an infant in a dream.
Now upward it soars with a swelling voice,
While a'riel spirits around it rejoice;
Like a choir of celestial seraphim,
Chanting the chords of a holy hymn.

Oh! listen again to the midnight wind
As it whistles and shrieks thro' the woods behind
The old grey Tower where, in times of old,
Dread spirits have revell'd at night, we're told;
And 'twould seem to-night that the spectral train
Were haunting those roofless old chambers again;
While strains of fierce music sound startling and wild,
Like the piteous wail of a strangling child.

Oh! that spirit-like voice of the midnight wind,
How it moans, like a victim to torture resigned:
Thro' the skeleton trees, all leafless and sear'd,
Like the accents of agony wild and weird;
Now piercing the night, like a human cry
For succour, when death's dread terrors are nigh;
Or a human voice, when its tones express,
With startling force, a weird tale of distress.

Oh! that lonely scream of the midnight wind,
Like the yell of a fiend in torment confined:
Hark! how it howls in its madd'ning career,
Shrieking and shattering the wearied air;
Like an ominous spirit it haunts the earth,
Screaming and shouting in pitiless mirth—
From limit to limit of the realms of space,
Like the yells of a savage in murderous chase.

Yet thou'rt a fit emblem, oh! midnight wind,
Of the changes that vary the wavering mind;
Now, low as a melody, soft and subdued;
Then, wild as despair by some terror pursued;
Now, loud as fierce frenzy that bursts from control,
When the demon of passion frowns dark on the soul;
Till the mighty heart-heavings are wearied at last,
Like a far-soaring eagle subdued by the blast.

THE SNOWDROP.

Peerless and beautiful, herald of flowers,
Blooming alone through the wint'ry hours;
Struggling to light through the hard-frozen earth,
Scarcely a sunbeam to welcome thy birth;
Fair as a relic from Paradise won,
Bright as a diamond just dropp'd from the sun,
Pure as the dewy gems sparkling below,
Riv'ling in whiteness the beautiful snow.

Peerless and beautiful, pride of the lane,
Bringing back scenes of sweet childhood again;
Though the bee came not from thy chalice to sip,
Nor the sunbeam to rest on thy virgin lip;
Though few were the warblers that gather'd to greet
Or welcome thy coming from sylvan retreat;
Unkiss'd by the zephyr that slept in the west—
Companionless fair one, we lov'd thee the best.

Peerless and beautiful, gem of the dell,
Why does the little child love thee so well?
Is it because thou art simply a flower,
And the cherish'd delight of a careless hour?
Ah, no! for in thee there's something combined
With the hallowing thoughts of a sinless mind—
An influence sweet that thro' life will endure,
Meet emblem of all that is lovely and pure.

Peerless and beautiful, fairest of flowers,
Enliv'ning the gloom of the sunless hours,
Sweetly you look from beneath the sear'd thorn,
Sparkling all bright with the pearls of the morn:
Oh! who can gaze on thee, pure type of that love
That falls like an incense from altars above,
And, ling'ring in doubt, still look for a sign
To 'stablish the truth of a Presence Divine?

THE GOWAN.

I LOVE ye all, ye winsome flowers,
Companions of my wand'ring hours;
Ye soothe me when your odours rise,
Like incense offerings, to the skies;
Pure as the purity we find
Reflected on a sinless mind:
  Yet there is yin I lo'e the best
    'Mang ilka floor that's growin':
  Old memories in fondness rest
    Aroond the lowly gowan.

Ye mind me when, in childish pride,
I gamboll'd at my mother's side,
Wha telt me, in her ain sweet way,
The fairies named thee "Eye-o'-day;"
And often doon the boortree lane
I've paus'd tae hear the tale again;
  Till wi' the theme my heid was fu',
    A glamour roond me throwin',
  As rev'rently I'd turn tae pu'
    The sweet, wee fairy gowan.

Ye mind me, tae, o' merry times,
When wi' my playmates 'neath the limes,
We'd rin the hillside floors tae pu'
Until oor daidlies a' were fu';

And syne, wi' seggs and rasher stems
Wad plait us croons o' floral gems;
  Though deck'd wi' mony a blossom fair,
    And berries o' the rowan,
  'Mang a' the gems that cluster'd there
    The fairest was the gowan.

I've seen thee when the sunset hue
Had tinged thy lip wi' rosy dew—
Fair, fair as when a blush may prove
The freshness of a maiden's love;
And thus I've seen thee sweetly rest,
Like guardian lights, on Mary's breast,
  And watch'd ye there, fann'd by her breath,
    In peerless beauty glowin'
  Abune the hairt that throbb'd beneath
    Its emblem dear, the gowan.

Oh! Time, thou fell iconoclast,
Where are the idols of the past—
Those forms which even now appear
Supreme in recollections dear?
Yet, 'twas thy kindly hand that gave
A living verdure to each grave,
  While other blossoms, frail and gay,
    Beneath thy hand lie dowin',
  There, 'mid the trophies o' decay,
    Thou spar'st the lowly gowan.

When wint'ry blasts blaw keen an' snell,
And snawdrifts sweep ower hill and fell,
When ilka floor o' lovely form
Lies deid or dowin' in the storm,
Ye linger still upon the scene
Tae tell where beauty's reign hath been;
  When all around, in rugged glee,
    The surly winds are soughin',
  Still smilin' on the frozen lea
    Blinks bonnily the gowan.

What sweet affections round thee flow,
A joy thou art where'er I go;
From thee a kindred something springs,
And to my thoughts in fondness clings,
Which leads my wayward fancies back
In penitence to Virtue's track.
  Oh! be it mine the happy part,
    Such influences bestowin',
  To bind the precepts round my heart
    That's whisper'd by the gowan.

THE PRIMROSE.

A WELCOME to thee, pretty gem;
Not a fairer diadem
Could the hand of Flora bring
To adorn the brow of Spring.

Who could slight thee, lowly flower?
Smiling from thy mossy bower,
With the eye of sunny hue
Twinkling in the morning dew;
Nestling in thy tiny nook
By the margin of the brook,
Where the humming knats convene
'Neath thy discs of golden sheen;
Where the thrifty spider weaves
Downy grottos 'mong thy leaves;
Where the slumb'ring zephyrs nigh
Dream of thee and wake to sigh.
  Fairy of the sylvan wild,
How I lov'd thee when a child,
When you stay'd me in my flight,
As I chas'd with wild delight
Butterflies that came to sip
Nectar from thy fragrant lip:
How I, with my playmates, then
Sought thee in the sunny glen;
'Mong the mossy knolls have sat,
Loud in mirth and childish chat:
Pretty legends we had heard,
Tales that in our hearts had stirr'd
Thoughts of pity, love, and woe,
Such as child can only know;
Fairy tales of olden time,
Quaintly woven into rhyme,
Told how through the moonlit glade
March'd the Fairy cavalcade,

Pausing on their way to sup
Ambrosial dew-drops from thy cup.
  And I remember, even now,
The oft-repeated story, how
Once upon a time there stood
A cottage by the lonely wood,
Where, 'mid beasts and spirits wild,
Dwelt a widow and her child;
And how a wand'ring wolf espied
Wee Lala by the coppice side,
Where it had been her wont to stray
'Mong flowers at dewy eve to play:
A piteous wail of anguish drear,
And terror, reach'd the mother's ear;
Its echo hovered round the hill,
Then died away, and all was still.
  'Mid Winter's storms, through tangled brake,
By haunted cave, and frozen lake,
For weary months she, weeping, sought
The missing child, but found her not,
Till, sad and worn, one day she heard
The call-notes of the Cuckoo bird
Resounding from the hazel glade
Where little Lala oft had play'd:
Though long inured to sorrow's smart,
A strange, wild hope now fill'd her heart.
(Such omens in those days, we find,
Were sacred to the rustic mind.)
A Spirit-power seem'd to impel
Her onward to the neighbouring dell,

Where rocks, embower'd in foliage, sink
Their bases to the river's brink;
Where 'mong the sunbeam's silvery bars,
Twinkled the primrose' golden stars;
Where fairy elves are known to cross
By moonlight o'er the jewell'd moss;
Where hazel boughs their tassels wave
Above the threshold of the cave;
And where the passing ripples sing,
Like sylvan spirits on the wing;
There Lala stray'd; the smile she smiled
Seem'd other than of mortal child;
Her tremulous voice seem'd to acquire
The measures of a seraph's lyre
As thus she spake: "Dear mother mine,
Be glad that sorrowing heart of thine;
Let joy again illume thy brow,
Your little Lala's happy now;
The incense of an Angel's breath
Dispell'd the approaching chill of death
When the terror of the forest bore
Me, bleeding, from our cottage door;
When round me raged the wintry storm,
All day I've play'd, secure from harm:
Fair as yon white cloud in the sky,
My guardian angel hover'd nigh;
When black-brow'd Night in silence wove
Its sable drapery round the grove,
Safe o'er the dark stream's turgid wave
She bore me to yon mossy cave,

And there I slept, while picture-gleams
Of old home-love wav'd o'er my dreams;
And once, when lull'd in happy sleep,
Methought I saw the Angel weep,
While from the tear-drop's sacred showers
Up sprang the dewy primrose flowers;
Delighted at the sight I 'woke,
And thus the radiant Seraph spoke:
'Sweet child, ere yet to-morrow's sun
Illumes yon hills and forests dun,
I pass to other spheres, and thou
These blossoms wear upon thy brow;
Their innocence will teach thy heart
To shun the lures of evil art;
To Virtue's sunny paths they'll guide,
When Falsehood seeks to win thy side;
Like love, they'll aid thee to pursue
What's noble, beautiful, and true.'
She paused! and, like a ray of light,
She smiled and vanish'd from my sight—
That moment, mother, when you heard
The call-notes of the omen-bird."

Such were the themes whose influence cast
A glamour o'er the halcyon past;
Nor can I but revere the power
That made thee childhood's favourite flower;
And still I love those simple rhymes,
Those annals of the Fairy times,
So sweetly sad, so weirdly wild,
That charm the haunts of every child.

PRAISE AND FLATTERY.

Oh! flatter him not, for each trifling word,
  In its sounding attempt to extol,
Grates harsh, as the tones of a passionless chord
  Unatuned, on the sensitive soul.

Oh! flatter him not, for intelligence knows
  There's guile in the flatterer's art;
On the face of the sham there's a something shows
  An absence of truth in the heart.

Why lavish on genius a counterfeit thing
  In the sordid attempt to commend,
Self-pleasing expressions which never could spring
  From the true, honest soul of a friend?

Yet, oh! when a generous thought may call forth
  A desire in the heart to approve,
Let its utt'rances lighten the struggles of worth
  With the words of approval and love.

How much of true merit's been veil'd in eclipse
  By the frowns of contempt and neglect,
When words of just praise that oft rise to the lips
  Might have won but a due of respect.

What progress to merit encouragement gives,
  What toilers to fame has it led;
Oh! then, lavish the praise on the names that live,
  So vainly bestowed on the dead.

MY BAIRNIE.

Be happy, oh! my bairnie,
  Cull life's blossoms spreading fair;
By-'n'-by ye'll find them dreich tae blaw
  'Neath the cauldrife frosts o' care.
While ilka siccar freend that noo
  Comes smilin' at yer ca',
In the years tae come ye'll maybe find
  No' yin amang them a';
No' yin amang them a', my bairn,
  Tae tak' that hand o' thine,
An' say they're yours in freendship leal 's
  They were in days lang syne.

Be happy, oh! my bairnie,
  Be happy while ye may;
I like tae see ye flittin' there,
  Like a sunbeam on the brae;
I love tae watch ye daffin' fain
  The hill-side floors amang,
An' hear thy laugh, as sweetly pure
  As the burnie's e'enin' sang;
As the burnie's e'enin' sang, my bairn,
  When a' ither sounds ha'e flown;
Oh! may thy hairt's life-sang be sae,
  Till its gloamin' hour comes on.

Be happy, oh! my bairnie,
  Indulge thy happy glee;
Ilk merry prank that whispers back
  Auld memories tae me;
For I, like thee, shared mony a joy
  Wi' mony a little freen',
An' felt the heartsome kiss o' love
  Fa' on my broo at e'en;
Fa' on my broo at e'en, my bairn,
  While the hamely words, sae kin',
Mak' me weary, weary for the sound
  I've seldom heard sin' syne.

Be happy, oh! my bairnie,
  While life's mornin' smile appears;
Ye little ken what dool may dim
  The joys o' comin' years:
The smile o' love that cheers ye noo
  Ere lang ye'll find it gane;
Then, be happy, oh! my bairnie,
  While the lichtsome heart's yer ain.

THE PENITENT.

THE sable veil of night enshrouds
  In darkness every form,
And from the fiery clouds awakes
  The spirit of the storm.

In fitful gleams the sulphurous flame
  Spreads far its lurid light;
The howling tempest echoes back
  The voices of the night.

Hark! how it swells upon the shore,
  And wrestles with the waves,
As if a thousand demons' shrieks
  Re-echo'd through the caves!

And from the folds of gloomy night
  The quiv'ring lightnings start;
Oh! that some ray would thus illume
  The midnight of my heart.

One little gleam of hope to cheer
  Its dreary solitudes,
Where, wrapt in shrouds of dark remorse,
  Desponding fancy broods.

I wish for death; but, oh! the thought
  No hope of peace can give;
And thus the worm that cannot die
  Still in its hell must live.

There was a time, O Memory! when
  My thoughts with peace were blest,
Ere sin had barb'd its sting and left
  It rankling in my breast.

There was a time when o'er my couch
  Fair angels stoop'd and smiled,
And bore me heavenward in my dreams,
  A pure and sinless child.

Now, in my restless slumbers oft
  Unhallowed forms appear,
Whose voices quench the feeble breath
  Of prayer, inspired by *fear*.

While haggard doubts weigh down my soul
  To depths of horrid gloom—
A living death, yet knowing not
  The luxury of a tomb.

At last I listen to the voice
  I've often heard before,
My heart thrills at the Saviour's call,
  He's knocking at the door.

The dove of peace upon the Cross
  Invites to joy and love,
And to my hung'ring soul descends
  Life's manna from above.

And now to walk in God's dear light,
  And taste His proffer'd joy;
No earthly bliss can equal His
  Sure love without alloy.

A BALLAD.

UPON the calm and placid sunlit tide,
When scarce a swell disturbs its peaceful breast,
A lonely barque thereon doth gaily glide,
Ploughing its pathway through the foamy crest.
Upon the deck, as radiant as the morn—
More radiant, far, than England's fairest rose,
The hues of which her glowing cheeks adorn,
Where, sweetly fair, the dimpling smiles repose—
'Tis Helen! faithful to her Edward's call,
Hath woo'd the dangers of the deep alone,
And bid farewell to home and kindred all,
To seek the distant shore where waits her own;
With what fond hope her ardent bosom heaves;
What silent meaning fills her soul-lit eye;
Love, unalloy'd, around her young heart weaves
A spell of sacredness and untold joy.
Alas! that such dear dreams of happiness—
Sublime, poetic tenants of the soul—
Should thus precede the rendings of distress,
No lov'd one near its anguish to condole.
Scarce had the god of day sunk to his rest,
And drawn his crimson curtain o'er the sky,
When om'nous sounds swept o'er the ocean's breast,
Mingling with the sea-birds' clamorous cry;
And on the distant horizon appeared
Huge sombre clouds with lurid brightness crown'd,

Which rose anon, like spectres gaunt and weird,
Till o'er the scene a horrid darkness frown'd.
The mirthful smile forsook the mariner's eye,
And conscious dread lurk'd in the bravest heart,
As lightnings, vivid, gleam'd athwart the sky,
And awful thunders back'd each nimble dart.
Then, ever and anon, the murky clouds
Discharged their torrents to the hissing seas,
Until again was closed their humid shrouds,
And Boreas sank into a whispering breeze.
Again! the tempest broke the solemn lull,
And bore anew the ligtning's torrid breath,
Whose scathing fires swept o'er the vessel's hull,
With tongues which bore the emphasis of death.
A form was seen upon the sea-wash'd prow—
With raven tresses sporting in the breeze,
Falling, in contrast, o'er her marble brow—
She stood, like some fair goddess of the seas.
With upturn'd gaze propitious aid she sought,
And pity crav'd from the Omnific Eye:
Thy prayer, sweet Helen, angel ears have caught,
Through stormless realms they bear it to the sky.
Down into depths, as darksome as the grave,
A moment, motionless, the vessel lay,
Then high upon the summit of a wave,
Envelop'd in a mist of hoary spray.
Now swift, as 'twere some chaos-haunting sprite,
That loves the midnight solitudes to roam;
Now on, like some nude phantom of the night,
She glides, half hidden, through the frothy foam;

Now, spectre-like, upon the surge she rides
That gleams like snow-reefs in the sullen gloom:
One deaf'ning crash, and bursts her quivering sides,
She sinks for ever to a watery tomb.
Now all around a soften'd stillness reigns,
As sighing breakers roll from sea to shore;
The warring elements, whose fiery veins
Bore death and rapine, triumph now no more.
One lingering flash, faint remnant of the storm,
A moment plays upon the yeasty deep,
Revealing by its glare the sylph-like form
Of beauteous Helen wrapt in death-like sleep.
Upon the shore a pharos gleams afar,
Around the homes of watchful heroes there;
And, drifting o'er the waves, a floating spar
Approaches with the tide the rocky pier.
A maiden form is borne from off the wreck,
Unconscious yet of pity's wild alarms,
Till when, the life-tinge mantling o'er her cheek,
She wakes again, and smiles in Edward's arms.

ON THE INCREASING SCARCITY OF OUR SONG BIRDS.

SWEET minstrels of the bushy dells, the woods and flowery plains,
We've waited long and listened for thy old, familiar strains;

Fair Spring sits smiling now enthron'd 'mid rainbow colours rare,
And gently shakes the diamond dew from off her sunny hair;
The wild-bee blows his bugle as he goes with bounding heart
To colonize some chosen spot on Nature's flowery chart;
The vernal zephyrs float around, like whisp'rings in a dream,
And blend their fairy voices with the ripplings of the stream;
But we miss the sweet accomp'niments, the spirit-soothing chords,
The tender love-notes of the fairy choristers—the birds.

As I wander down the leafy dingle's wild'ring mazes green,
Where violets shun the sunbeam's kiss beneath a grassy screen,
Where woodbines flaunt their banners gay of green and burnish'd gold,
And fling their dreamy odours far upon the open wold;
I, musing, pause, and ask the while, where have those voices flown
That charm'd with vocal melody the seasons that are gone?

From year to year I've mark'd the wid'ning vacancies that tell
The absence of our little friends, the song-birds of the dell;
The dell whose vocal bosom throbb'd with love's responsive thrill,
Blank chaos now pervades the scene so voiceless and so still.

When snowstorms drifted o'er the glen, borne on the frosty wind,
Then where did ye the daily meal and nightly shelter find?
When barren Nature could no more thy little wants supply,
With famine at thy poor wee heart ye'd hide away, to die;
Or, urged by dire necessity, with pleading looks ye'd come
Around the cotter's door, in trust to find a friendly crumb:
Ah! lonely now, poor Merle, ye sing disconsolate on the tree,
Ah! never will thy merry mates return again to thee;
Unheeded on the spoiler's ear now falls that plaintive strain,
Naught save the power of Mammon's voice could charm his meagre brain.

In times gone by 'twas different far, I've heard the old
folk say,
Cruel sports ne'er mark'd the wanderings of the village
child at play;
While the Finches and the Swallows, the Robins and
the Wrens,
Were treasur'd in remembrance as the Father's special
frien's:
Ah! now, how frequently we see—I note the fact with
pain—
By almost every dingle-side, hedge-row, and country
lane,
From out the bush by ruthless hands some pretty home
is thrust,
While fledglings with dissever'd limbs lie trodden in
the dust;
No shade of pity dims the eye that, when the deed is
done,
Surveys the carnage of an hour, and, boasting, calls it
"fun."

But, not alone, the thoughtless child seeks to invade
thy haunts,
The *avicide* of riper years a similar privilege vaunts;
I've seen whole broods, sad trophies of the hireling's
venal hate,
Dead on the sward, in mangled heaps, outside the rich
man's gate;

At thy peaceful noon siesta in some favourite resort,
How often have ye proved the gauge of so-called
"manly" sport;
Nor does there seem from Pity's fount one single wave
to roll
A whisper'd dirge, at such a time, across the spoiler's
soul;
The sigh of agony that broke the wee hearts now at
rest,
Convey'd no thrill of pity to his chill'd and callous
breast.

It seems a pity, truly, that humanity should stain
Its reputation by an act some sordid end to gain;
Oh! could we wisely to the plan of Nature's laws attend,
We then might learn to recognize in every bird a friend:
'Twas not the Father's purpose in creating such as these
To supply a pastime merely man's vicious will to please.

THE AULD KIRK O' DUNSE.

UPON ITS DESTRUCTION BY FIRE ON THE MORNING OF THE 17TH FEBRUARY, 1879.

O, Auld Kirk! O, Auld Kirk!
Hoo often has it warm'd the heart
On Sabbath days, when prayer an' praise
Rose upward frae the poopit airt:

A rev'rend Granny vow'd tae me,
The warmth that sooth'd puir erring sowls
Was concentrated sae in thee,
Till it consum'd thy very bowels.

O, Auld Kirk ! O, Auld Kirk !
How sweetly o'er the senses stole
Those warbling notes, from organ throats,
Those heavenly chords that fill'd thy soul,
Until it seem'd as though a choir
Of angel harpers throng'd the air,
That sought to fix our thoughts on higher,
And purer bliss that waits us there.

O, Auld Kirk ! O, Auld Kirk !
A woefu' look is thine this day ;
Yer e'en sae braw, yer heid, an' a'
Yer ither cherms are wede away.
Like vacant holes, in giant skulls,
That scare the timid as they pass,
Thy winnocks noo let daylicht through
Upon a charr'd an' blacken'd mass.

O, Auld Kirk ! O, Auld Kirk !
Thy faes 'ill girn tae see thee noo,
An' mony a cheil, wi' sauntly zeal,
Gloat, herpin', ower thy fa', I troo.
But while the life-bluid warms ma hairt,
An' common-sense will guide ma e'e
'Tween right and wrang, I'll take thy pairt,
An' redd a freendly screed tae thee.

O, Auld Kirk! O, Auld Kirk!
Ye've won a mair than local fame,
Though mony a dark, unseemly mark
Has marr'd thy fair, time-honoured name.
Thae symbols traced on scarlet baize,
Was *Mystery*, harbour'd in thy breist;
'Twas said, in 'pocalyptic phrase,
Ye bore the image o' the *Beast*.

O, Auld Kirk! O, Auld Kirk!
I hear it said in oor auld toon,
By yin whase sneer an' wutless lear
Shaw'd little credit tae his croon;
Quo' he, "The Auld Kirk's spent its speed;
Lies brunt an' reekin' i' the mire;
It might, some day, rise purifeed
Frae oot its purgatorial fire."

O, Auld Kirk! O, Auld Kirk,
Ye dree'd a wordy war yestreen;
Thus yin amaun the lave began
(An' troth! she was a pirrie quean);
Quo' she, "'Twas nocht but judgment gaur'd
The scand'lous object reek an' reel,
I'd sink the site o't if I daur'd,
An' spurn its ashes wi' ma heel."

O, Auld Kirk! O, Auld Kirk!
I met a fae o' thine ae nicht,
Whase very e'en seem'd fraucht wi' spleen—
A sickly veesag'd Darbyite—

Quo' he—wi' mony a mystic word
That filled my awesome hairt wi' dool—
"I'm gled that frae yon ruins the Lord
Has rescued *me*, a *precious jewel !*"

O, Auld Kirk ! O, Auld Kirk,
Ae sanctimonious heepocreet,
O' jaundic'd e'e, fell foul o' me,
An' spurn'd the causey at my feet.
For why ? because I said, forsooth,
Should saunts, who held them free frae sin,
In *their* ain kirks haud tae the truth,
Nae errors, syne, wad enter in.

O, Auld Kirk ! O, Auld Kirk !
Nae doot ye hae o' fauts a few,
But where ava is there, 'mang a'
The kirks, Desenter, Pape, or Jew,
The yin whase stock o' faith and deeds
Hauds guid their vaunted purity ?
But whase maist orthodoxal creed's
Wrapt up in some obscurity.

O, Auld Kirk ! O, Auld Kirk !
Gin ye hae fauts yer no yer lane ;
We ken gey weel the anxious Deil
Keeks through them a', exceptin' nane :
While yin avows the doctrine fause,
That sinners will wi' sinners horde ;
The next denies, in language worse,
The inspiration o' the Word.

O, Auld Kirk! O, Auld Kirk!
I wonder when the times will mend,
When strife be hurl'd frae aff the world,
That love may reign frae end tae end.
Oh! could we a' look mair abune,
Tae Him who reigns oor faithfu' Heid,
Millennial peace wad smile aroon',
An' kirks, as *yin*, be a' agreed.

TO ANNIE.

THE thornless rose, by virgin worn;
The vernal flush of cloudless morn;
The gloaming breeze that softly swells
In fairy strains through dewy dells;
The starry beam
On rippling stream
Are charms that gild the poet's dream,
Yet let this thought be mine, Annie:—
The youthful cheek of modest hue;
The soul-lit eye, so fondly true;
The winning voice whose powers control
The sterner promptings of my soul;
'Tis this, sweetheart—
All void of art—
To thee attracts my wayward heart,
And moulds my will to thine, Annie.

How oft in dreams at midnight lone
  Weird Fancy wove her spells, and drew
An influence from those eyes, which shone
  Like liquid orbs of trembling dew;
Whose softening splendours sweetly stole,
Like rays of sunlight, to my soul.
  Ev'n as the mist from haunted isle
  Will vanish 'neath Aurora's smile,
  Those orbs, resplendent, chas'd the while
    Care's gloomy frown from me, love.

'Twas ever so! from the first hour
  Fond Fancy view'd thee as its choice,
I've felt and own'd a mystic power
  Blent with the magic of thy voice;
I've felt the thrill of nameless bliss
Gladden my heart's sad loneliness;
  And, yielding to the lovesome thrill,
  With ardent, chaste, untutor'd will,
  Thy peerless virtues hallow still
    My every thought of thee, love.

I've watched the growth of every charm
  Of virtuous worth unfold in thee;
'Twas not the mould of face or form
  Alone that made thee heaven to me;
'Twas thy pure mind, so free from art,
That shed love's incense on my heart.

I've watched, dear Annie, day by day,
  A nameless something in thine eye,
Which seem'd to steal my soul away
  From ideal bliss to perfect joy—
Dear joys whose tender memories thrill
So sweetly through my being still.

Though Nature hath thy form array'd
  With every sweet and pleasing grace,
Yet still with rip'ning years must fade
  The pristine beauties from thy face;
'Tis *then*, in all their worth, I'll find
The fadeless beauties of thy mind.

WAITING.

'Tis morning, and the stars are fading
  In the deep'ning blue above,
And the birds are serenading
  The blushing morn with songs of love.

And the early bees are humming
  Round the woodbine's dewy spray,
Where the crystal brook is sporting,
  Laughing like a child at play.

See the day-king's radiant banner
  Flaunting o'er the eastern height,
Till the woodlands and the river
  Are aglow with rosy light.

The skylark, from the mossy dingle,
  Mounts to regions pure and fair,
Soon, perhaps, his notes to mingle
  With celestial singers there.

But there are voices, rear'd in fancy,
  Which seem to haunt the lonely dell,
Familiar sounds which live, dear Nancy,
  Amid the scenes you loved so well.

Every breeze that sighs above me
  Seems a voice I've heard before,
Wafted from the heart that love's me
  Fondly as in days of yore.

And thy gentle voice seems blended
  With the music of the rill,
Whose ceaseless whisp'rings are but emblems
  Of the hopes I cherish still.

To me the world seem'd an Eden,
  With thee to share each joy or pain;
Come then, come, my dove-eyed maiden,
  And bring with thee those joys again.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

SITTING in the twilight,
With the vernal breeze,
Like a passing spirit,
Whisp'ring through the trees;
Kissing, as it passes
Near my lone retreat,
The dimples on the river
Murm'ring at my feet:
Sitting thus, I ponder,
Wond'ring why that spring
Such a shade of sadness
O'er my heart should fling;
But Mem'ry's voice reminds me,
This heart, so full of woe,
Thrill'd with buoyant gladness,
One spring-tide long ago;
Still mem'ry dwells in sadness
Upon that happy time,
When, ling'ring in the greenwood
Beneath the spreading lime,
I gave to Annie's keeping
The treasures of my heart,
And whisper'd softly, darling,
We for a time must part:

I felt her kind heart beating
As I prest her to my own,
And heard her thus repeating,
"Oh! must you, love, be gone?
These haunts will fade from mem'ry
'Mid other scenes more gay,
Then you'll forget, dear Willie,
Your Annie, far away."

Still closer to my bosom
Inclined her gentle form,
As bows a tender floweret 'neath
The pressure of the storm.

I strove, 'mid vain entreaties,
To quell those idle fears,
Assured love's happy union
Would bless our future years.

One look of pensive fondness—
One last regretful sigh;
Next moment we had uttered
The saddening words, "Good-bye;"
Still on those words I linger
Till my heart seems like to break,
For, oh! they were the very last
I heard poor Annie speak.

Beyond the trackless ocean,
Upon a foreign shore,
They came, like sobbing echoes,
The rolling waters o'er ;—
The sadness of that parting hour
Returns with anguish now :
I've kept the tryst I promised then,
But, darling, where art thou ?
In vain fair Nature tunes her voice
In melody to thee ;
In vain she charms me, as I wait
Beside the old lime-tree.

But zephyrs whisper round the spot
That marks thy place of rest ;
While dews fall soft, like angel's tears,
Upon thy pulseless breast.

THE RINGDOVE WOO'D HIS LISTENING MATE.

THE happy lark, on circling wing,
Swell'd his wild notes on high ;
The rippling tones of the laughing spring
Seem'd glad as it wander'd by.

The ringdove woo'd his listening mate
In the balmy copsewood near,
As we 'neath the silvery willows sat
One summer night last year.

Can I forget the hours I've dreamt
  'Neath yon old greenwood tree,
When sweet—sweet as an angel's song—
  Was Annie's voice to me?

Can I forget that voice which breath'd
  In melting tones of love,
Which trembled from a heart that felt
  The fondness of a dove?

Can I forget those eyes which glow'd
  With love-light pure and true?
Where passion's storms had never stirr'd
  Their depths of heavenly blue.

Can I forget the kindly tear
  That trembled on her cheek,
Which spoke a something truer far
  Than flattering words could speak?

Can I forget that dear old tree,
  When, 'neath its friendly shade,
I lingered oft by Annie's side,
  Down in the briary glade?

'Twas there she breath'd the parting vows
  In the silent calm of even;
In dreams I hear them whisper'd still
  By angel lips in heaven.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO TAM.

AN OLD FRIEND IN DEGENERATED CIRCUMSTANCES.

HAIL ! fairest of the Tuneful Nine,
  Smile on the spirit of my dream ;
Let love and friendship here combine,
  With common sense, to rule my theme ;
Let no base impulse of the Muse
With cynic guile my soul infuse ;
Let sympathy such thoughts attend
That come betwixt me and my friend.
  Oh ! Tam, puir sowl, it's you I mean,
I'm wae tae see ye look sae lean,
A dowie swatch o' skin an' banes
Zig-zaggin' ower the causey stanes ;
Hech ! man, but ye've fa'en sair o' late,
I'd scarcely ken ye by that gait ;
Ye didna yince, I'm laith tae say,
Gang shaughlin' by in sicna way :
A sprightlier lad yin couldna meet
'Tween Langton Gate and Easter Street ;
For manly looks an' winsome glee,
Amang the lave ye bore the gree ;
The wale o' a' the kintry side,
The lasses' pet, the auld folks' pride ;
I've seen yer mither, tae, puir body,
Gae inta raptures ower her laddie,

While rumour gaed, as she had spread it,
Ye were a blessin' an' a credit.
  Alas! that human expectations
Should end sae often wi' vexations,
Oor brightest, best, an' fairest dreams
Melt 'mang the waves o' Lethean streams;
An' sae it comes, thy fond auld mither
Is near hairt-broken a'thegither,
For oft she's heard the neebours say—
An' *clash*, ye ken, *will* have its way—
Wi' thriftless cronies, vile an' evil,
Yer gaun clean heidlang tae the Deevil,
An' a' through takin' o' the dram;
Richt wae am I tae see't, oh, Tam;
Drunk an' dizant, nicht an' day,
  Feckless fou sin' Hogmanay.
I saw ye fou mysel' ae nicht,
An' ferley'd muckle at the sicht;
Tae sit was much as ye were able,
Balanc'd whiles against the table;
Sweein' whiles wi' leg ower furum,
Like a bulrush in a storm.
Aroond ye prest a smutty crew,
Soaked wi' liquor through an' through,
Wi' blearit een an' shiney noses,
Like coonter-knobs, an' red as roses;
An' there ye sat, a sicht for pity,
Yellin' at some beastly ditty,
Wi' sic a wild infernal dingin',
An' deil kens what—it wasna *singin'*—

A tuneless wail, three octaves heich,
Frae dunky's grane tae peesweep's screich,
Like a corncraik 'mang the clover
Crackin' tae his distant lover,
Or wund blawn through a roostit pair
O' nutmeg graters, stuffed wi' hair.
'Twasna the voice I kent o' yore,
Sae finely train'd in singin' lore,
That, in the choir, on Sabbath days,
Oft took its pairt in songs o' praise.
That nicht, when a' yer brass was gane,
An' "tick," or credit, ye had nane;
When bold M'Bung, at last grown saucy,
Had run ye oot upon the causey;
Wet through, an' cauld, ye wander'd late,
In dowie mood, yer hameward gait,
The very pictur' o' dejection,
In a' the horrors o' reflection.
An' gin the story's no' a lee—
Puir sinner, but I am wae for thee—
I heard, yestreen, ye'd had a glimpse
O' yon fell crew, the "bottle imps;"
A wheen droll birkies, blue an' green,
Wi' bullet heids an' saucer e'en;
Queer capering lugs an' corkscrew tails,
Lang, wiry tusks, like coffin nails;
While barmy creash, in loathsome tides,
Gaed creepin' ower their slimy hides;
Their fleshless haffits, howe an' mirk,
In mony a hairless, sucken lirk,

Wad e'en surpass for clerty wrunkle
The famous "Wabster Wives" o' Bunkle.
The air waxt het, an' sic a smell!—
The very fumes frae Clootie's cell
Arose like phosphorescent vapours,
Which showed them at their cantrip capers;
Ae Pady-ladle-lookin' scunner—
The ugliest fricht amang a hunner—
Close by yer lug play'd squeekum squeek,
Whene'er ye tried yer e'en tae steek;
The lave flew ower the auld four-poster,
Tipny-nipny on the bowster—
Some like taeds, an' some like worms,
An' hundreds mair o' nameless forms
Ower yer face an' shoothers sprawlin',
Oot frae 'tween the blankets crawlin'.
Nae wonder, then, ye look'd next day
Sae humdrum like, sae fley'd an' blae.
  Ah! Tam, my auld respectit cronie,
Hoo can ye thole sic sichts uncanny?
My hairt is torn wi' grief tae see
The quantum o' the ills ye dree:
Honour, health, an' reputation,
'Whelm'd in reckless dissipation.
There's prospects yet! and ye micht mend on't;
Just think ye what micht be the end on't—
A hopeless death, by conscience cross'd
In whisp'rings of a lifetime lost;
No love, nor voice of Christian cheer,
To light thy lonely exit drear;

No gentle mourner to adjust
The shatter'd remnants of thy dust;
Only the careless passer-by
May note the corner where you lie,
And, jesting, say "There lies a chiel,
Daft, drucken Tam, the ne'er-do-weel."
But pause, auld freend, strive a' ye can
Tae shun sic ways, an' be a man;
Gae seek the haunts where virtue dwells—
God succours them wha help themsel's.
'Lang Duty's path, while ye ha'e youth,
Keep steadily pursuin';
The "social dram," believe me, Tam,
Wiles many to his ruin.

GOING HOME.

"I AM going home," says the sailor lad—
And the bright thought dwells on the vision glad—
As, afore and aft, on his weary round,
He paces the deck of the homeward bound:
In the fair sunlight, like a silver band,
Gleam the distant shores of his native land;
While mem'ry rolls back like a surging wave
To a time long since when his mother gave,
With her last good-bye,
And the fervid sigh,
A parting prayer for her sailor boy.

"I am going home," says the soldier worn,
From the gory field by his comrades borne;
While the sparkling eye and the flushing cheek
Tell of inward thoughts which he cannot speak;
Though suff'rings have shaded the vet'ran's brow,
He forgets them all in the moment now,
As the homely words that are whisper'd round
Fall soft on his heart with a magic sound;
For the words appear,
In their breathings dear,
The sweetest of earth to the wanderer's ear.

"I am going home," says the dying saint,
Though rack'd with pain, not a sigh of complaint
Escape those lips which are circled the while
With the holy light of a heavenly smile:
I am going home! and the thrilling words
Give joy to the soul, like the throbbing chords
Of an angel's harp, when its song of peace
Round the Throne is heard, at a soul's rèlease
From the Tempter's chains,
And its earthly stains,
Glad in that bright home where its Saviour reigns.

Yes! we're going home, all journeying fast
Down life's rugged path that must lead at last
To the realms of Eternity, there to know
The sanctified ones we had lov'd below;
And, 'mid their welcomings, there to secure
The guerdon eternal for such as endure;

There, never more with temptations opprest,
Safe in the light that envelopes the blest;
Away from the gloom
That shadows the tomb,
Risen with Jesus and gone to our home.

WINTER EVENINGS.

When all without, the wintry blast
Comes sweeping 'long the lanes;
When showers of drifted sleet are cast
Against the lattice panes;
When wildly from the upland heights
The sounding tempest's hurl'd,
Drear as the screams of wand'ring sprites
From some strange, ruined world:
Oh! the cosy winter evenings,
How pleasantly they glide;
The love of heaven was surely given
To bless the ingle-side.

Not warmer glows the crimson flame
That leaps in elfin mirth,
Throwing out its arms to clasp in love
Those cluster'd round the hearth,

Than are the happy hearts, whose joys
  Home's social comforts prove;
Nor brighter than the sparkling eyes
  Reflecting purest love.
    Oh! the social winter evenings,
      What pleasures ye inspire;
    Care's shadows pass, and vanish as
      We gather round the fire.

What memories throng the sacred place—
  Life's calendars that show
The outlines fair of many a face
  We cherished long ago—
'Twas here Hope waved her fairy wand
  To lure the buoyant heart,
When many a fort was traced and plann'd
  Upon life's glowing chart.
    Oh! the hallow'd winter evenings
      Of our childhood far away,
    How fair ye seem, and brightly beam
      On Memory's dial to-day.

What though 'mid other scenes we roam,
  When Christmastide draws near,
Affection guides our footsteps home
  'Mid recollections dear;
And as we meet those kindred eyes,
  With tender meaning fraught,
We feel that round the circle lies
  A realm of loving thought.

Oh ! the homely winter evenings,
  May we, from wants secure,
With Christ-like will remember still
  The hungry, homeless poor.

PRESTON OLD CHURCHYARD.

How solemn to-night seems the Churchyard green,
  With its chapel now ruin'd and gray ;
There, high in the roofless old belfry, I ween,
  Sits the merciless phantom, Decay.
Yet I love the old place, for my spirit seems
  To partake of its peaceful calm ;
And a harmony falls on my wakeful dreams,
  Like the chords of a plaintive psalm,
    In Preston Old Churchyard.

Oh ! I think, as I stand 'mid the ivy's shade,
  Of a form that will come no more
To the haunts where in childhood oft we stray'd
  In the twilight hours of yore ;
'Mong the green graves then wee darling and I
  Would wander together alone,
Whose soul look'd sad through the tear-dimm'd eye,
  As I spoke of the lov'd ones gone,
    In Preston Old Churchyard.

There stands the old stone with its sculptur'd cross,
  Where the green old ivy clings;
Where we traced the name, through its coat of moss,
  Of the babe with the cherub wings;
And we thought that perchance, in the far-off past,
  A mother came there and wept
At times, when the evening shades were cast
  Round the grave where her darling slept,
        In Preston Old Churchyard.

I am lonely now, though I fancy still
  That my darling's as near me as then,
And we roam the old haunts with an aimless will
  In the freedom of childhood again;
But the smile is chang'd, and a heavenly beam
  Now encircles the baby brow,
And I cherish the thought, as a hallow'd dream,
  That I walk with an angel now
        In Preston Old Churchyard.

I'm a child no more, yet I turn with a sigh
  Where the green old ivy clings
To the sculptur'd cross where the shadows lie,
  And the stone with the cherub wings;
And I think of the cherub that pass'd away
  One evening long years before,
And the words that were said by the ruins so gray,
  By a voice that will speak never more,
        In Preston Old Churchyard.

WASTED FLOWERS.

On a flowery bank, 'mong the summer grass,
  Sat a maiden of tender years,
Awatching the bounding riveret pass
  As it leapt o'er the rushy weirs;
    And her lap was filled
    With buds she had cull'd
  In haste from the dingle bowers;
    As the stream danc'd on,
    Gaily, one by one,
    And in circles wide
    On the sparkling tide
  She scatter'd her treasured flowers.

The sunbeams are falling in glowing bands
  Round the form of the gleesome child,
As she flings the gems from her dimpled hands
  With a merry laugh, and wild:
    Falls gently the beam
    On the limpid stream,
  Not a cloud from the zenith lowers,
    And light is that heart
    Of untutor'd art,
    As, indulging still
    The impulsive will,
  She parts with her gather'd flowers.

But by-and-by, when the twilight nears,
  Like a mute at the bier of day,
The child grows sad, and her visage wears
  An expression of blank dismay;
    While a sob escapes
    From her trembling lips,
  She 'wakes 'neath its rending powers
    From her fair day-dream,
    While loud to the stream,
    And with tearful eyes,
    In despair she cries—
"Bring, oh! bring me back my flowers."

Now the day-beam fades from the scene at last,
  And the shadows fall dank and gray,
And the stream, regardless, is bearing fast
  Its blossoming burden away;
    And with idle hands
    Disconsolate stands
  The child 'mid the sunless bowers,
    While her cry 's borne back
    'Long the reedy track,
    On the echo's wail,
    And the taunting gale—
"Bring back, bring me back my flowers."

Oh! the precious moments of priceless worth,
  Gay youth, in thy joyous prime,
Cast them not from thee, as the blossoms, forth
  On the fleeting tide of Time;

Else, in anguish wild,
Like the heedless child,
Thou'lt call to the squander'd hours,
With a cry more shrill
And sorrowful still,
Till its echo's cast
From the ruin'd past—
"Bring, oh! bring me back my flowers."

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES ROBERTSON. OBIT. 24TH DEC., 1878.

OH! why were Death's dark shadows wreath'd
Around that heart?
Why there, so soon, did his angel sheathe
The ruthless dart?
The fiat went forth! and 'twas Heaven's decree
The design for a while should be hid from me,
Reveal'd now in glory and honour to thee,
Dear brother mine.
No fearful presence did o'er us brood
Of lurking dread,
In that dark hour as we sadly stood
Beside our dead;
But we thought, as we knelt by thy still remains,
Of thy sufferings past, and thy vanquish'd pains;
While we spoke of our loss, and the priceless gains
Which now are thine.

Sad, sad was the parting when, side by side,
We stood by thee,
With her whom thou own'd as thy darling pride,
And bairnies three:
We felt 'twas as much as our hearts could bear,
As we gaz'd on the face we'd lov'd so dear;
We wept o'er the life that was drifting near
Death's darksome virge.
Then, borne on the breath of a trembling sigh,
Thy farewell words
Awoke in the hearts of the mourners nigh
Grief's sacred chords;
'Twas grief, nor the friendships of earth could console;
Nor voice of the heart's varied promptings control,
That silently swept o'er the sorrowing soul
A voiceless dirge.

A halo of peace o'er thy brow was wreath'd—
'Twas not of earth—
'Twas the sign that a ransom'd spirit breath'd
A purer birth;
While you spoke of the Cov'nant, how souls are seal'd
To a life everlasting, through Christ reveal'd;
And of Him who remaineth the orphan's shield,
The widow's stay:
Thus, weeping, and sad by thy side we knelt,
Dear brother mine,
And I knew, as around my neck I felt
Thy arms entwine,

It was love's last act that guided them there,
In loving remembrance of kinship dear;
Thus, freed from the trammels of earth and care,
You pass'd away.

Then Mem'ry brought back from the past to me
A day so sad,
When I stood in the strange, wide world with thee
An orphan lad;
How we struggled on, and the after years
Shed a halo of love o'er our joys and cares;
Now I sigh as I think in this "vale of tears"
No more we'll meet.
But Faith guards the portals where thou art gone,
Dear brother mine;
I think now I see thee smile down from yon
Bright home of thine;
While Hope, like a dove, nestles close in my breast,
For I know, in that land of the ransom'd and blest,
We will meet by-and-by, and for ever to rest
At Jesus' feet.

THE AULD HEMAL HOOSE.

Oh! auld Hemal Hoose, frail, luckless, an' lane,
A sorry sicht noo frae the times that are gane;
When, eident and thrifty, bauld "Whup-the-cat" Jock,
And his couthy spouse Janet—the wale o' auld folk—

'Neath thy turf-theekit roof faund a cosy bit bield,
Wi' ilk blessin' o' life that contentment could yield:
When his day's wark was duin, Jock, prood as a laird,
Might be seen 'mang his skeps in his tidy kail-yaird;
While his canty guid-wifie, as trig as a preen—
Wi' a sang at her hairt an' a smile in her een—
Gaed flittin' aboot 'tween her snug "but-an'-ben,"
Or amang her live gear at thy auld gable-en'.
But noo yer alane,
While scanty a stane
Remains on the solit'ry scene, auld Hoose,
Tae tell o' the times that ha'e been.

Oh! auld Hemal Hoose, fu' weel dae I min'
When my billies an' I were schuil laddies lang syne;
When freed frae the yoke o' auld Tawsie's misrule,
An' the terrible phantoms that hauntit the schuil,
We'd awa' tae the knowes where, amang the wee floors,
As happy as fairies, we'd gambol for hoors;
Or we'd speel thro' thy winnocks, long wantin' the gless,
Syne on tae thy couples fu' reckless we'd press;
Thy auld dozant couples, where stridlins we'd sit—
'Deed, I canna but laugh when I'm thinkin' o't yet—
Hoo we'd cock-a-ride-roozy till aff rowed a stane
Frae the end o' a jeest, until jeest there was nane;
While flat on the grund
We lay groanin', an' fund
That it wasna a' frolic wi' thee, auld Hoose,
When siccan fell dunts ye could gi'e.

Oh! auld Hemal Hoose, ever present wi' me
Are the mem'ries that link ilka feelin' tae thee;
When I think o' the times when a wheen glaikit bairns
Play'd hide-an'-gae-seek 'mong the howes an' the cairns;
Or when storm-biggit cluds bore an ominous cast,
Hoo we faund thee, auld freend, a shuir bield frae the blast;
While the snell nor'lan' wind, wi' an eeriesome seuch,
Like a speerit o' madness, scream'd wild thro' the cleuch;
In the darklin' howe nuik, where thegether we'd stown,
Aye the closer we'd creep as the gloamin' came on,
And, time aboot, whusper, wi' fear-burden'd braiths,
O' Spunkies, Hobgobblins, auld Boggles, an' Wraiths,
Till we sprang ower the sod
In het haste for the road,
Wi' mony a scared glance tae the rear, auld Hoose,
A' speechless an' feckless wi' fear.

Oh! auld Hemal Hoose, fu' weel dae I ken
When I coortit young Tibbie o' Preston toon-en',
Though late was the hoor, an' ye loom'd thro' the mist
Like a motionless, ill-faurant, gruesome auld ghaist;
No' a spot i' the clachan sae welcome could be
As thy lanesome auld biggin tae Tibbie an' me:
We fear'dna the mirk, nor the wild, soughin' blast,
As 'neath thy auld wa's the dear moments we pass'd;
An' it's little we cared what the jailous auld dame
Tae hersel' wad be sayin' or thinkin' at hame;

Or what the slack-gabbit, glibe gossips wad say,
And report on their way through the steadin' next day;
Tho' their cunnin' an' skeel
Might baffle the Deil,
They never jalous'd yet, or kent, auld Hoose,
Where oor happiest moments were spent.

Oh! auld Hemal Hoose, tearfu' mem'ries thrang thick
Roond thy storm-batter'd wa's till my hairt's like tae brek;
I stand by thee noo, as I did wi' the last
Faithfu' freend that I lo'd in the years that are past:
'Twas here, mony times, 'neath the calm gloamin' sky,
Hope tinsell'd the dreams o' freend Wullie an' I,
Till the future seem'd radiant wi' visions maist fair,
As we spak' o' the fame that might welcome us there.
Is it strange that ma hairt its auld gladness should tine,
Sin' I've sought, but in vain, for a cronie sin' syne?
Or that the dear mem'ries o' youth canna pairt
Frae regrets that hang aye like a stane at ma hairt;
For he's sleepin' away
In the airms o' decay,
And I linger alane wi' thee noo, auld Hoose—
Ay! sadly alane wi' thee noo.

Oh! auld Hemal Hoose, sin' I gaz'd on thee last,
What a wonderfu' change ower thy coont'nance hath pass'd;
Where the goggle-e'ed hoolets sat blinkin', instead
They ha'e rear'd on thy shoothers a braw-lookin' heid;

While a set o' swawk limbs ha'e been clapp'd tae thy form,
That'll gaird thee for lang frae the pitiless storm;
And thy auld mooldit ribs that were bruckle as chalk,
They ha'e shapit ye new yins tae prop up yer back:
'Deed, I'm half in a swither, an' muckle in doot,
Tae ken yer auld coont'nance, or whaur yer aboot;
Yet I'm thinkin', auld freend, could we mortals discern
The lessons ye teach, faith! the young yins might learn
Frae poortith an' cauld
Tae protect aye the auld,
As they battle life's storms alane, auld Hoose,
When the wale o' auld cronies are gane.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

Come again, come again, beautiful Spring,
Come with the rainbow tints circling thy wing;
Come where the kingcups and daisies unfold
Their gay, gleaming spangles of silver and gold;
Come where the twinkling buds, nurs'd on the spray,
Are awaiting the touch of thy genial ray;
Come, for the ever-glad song of the bee,
And the fairy-toned zephyrs, are waiting for thee.

Come again, come again, beautiful Spring,
Teach the wild warblers their carols to sing;
Breathe o'er the flowerets that sleep 'mong the grass,
Scatt'ring perfume to the breezes that pass;

Sprinkle thy dewy gems over the green,
Where smiling Aurora may brighten the scene;
Like a spirit of gladness, unfetter'd and free,
Come, there are weary ones waiting for thee.

Come again, come again, beautiful Spring,
Let thy voice thro' the depths of the wildwoods ring;
Hie to the glade where the lady-ferns grow;
To the fen where the radiant marsh-marigolds glow;
To the green hill-sides that are stretching above
The dell, where awaits thee the amorous dove;
Come, for the lambkins that bleat on the lea,
And the downy-wing'd insects, are waiting for thee.

Come again, come again, beautiful Spring,
Like the birth of a hope long cherish'd, and bring
The charm of a sweet love-tale that was told
By the wayside brook on a spring day of old,
And where, 'neath the starlight that spangles the glen,
By the side of my darling I tarry again;
Then, come, for the maiden is whisp'ring to me,
And the flowers for the bridal are waiting for thee.

APPROACH OF SPRING.

I'LL come in the footsteps of old Winter, hoary,
To drape his white shrine with an emerald glory—
I am coming.
O'er Nature's cold bosom I'll steal like a dream,
And mirror my smiles on the face of the stream,
And trace there in gold of my story the theme—
I am coming.

Where the snow-laden pines shadow dark o'er the river,
Where the ice-beaded reeds in the fenlands quiver—
I am coming.
I'll come, like a geni of glory and might,
To the lonely alcove, where the snowdrop white,
Unnoticed, uprears its fair orb to the light—
I am coming.

Like an angel of life, through the forest sweeping,
Where alone with her dead mute Nature is weeping—
I am coming.
New-born from the lap of stern Winter I'll spring,
And o'er the chill'd earth, like a fairy thing,
I will soar on the butterfly's gauzy wing—
I am coming.

On the crest of a cloud o'er the valley I'll hover,
Where the honey-bee waits for the blossoming clover—
I am coming.

From the west, on the wings of a zephyr mild,
I will hush to a whisper the north winds wild,
And scatter my flowers in the haunts of the child—
I am coming.

To the rocks where the frost in the starlight shimmers,
Where the icicles cold in the moonlight glimmers,
I am coming.
Where the young bud bursts from its filmy sheath,
Where the dark hills frown o'er the sombre heath,
Where the wild echo dwells in the vale beneath—
I am coming.

To the mist-shrouded glade where the brooklet rambles,
Darting, like an elf, 'mong the leafless brambles—
I am coming.
An elixir, then, from my chalice will drip,
As I pass to the bank where the wild bees sip
Sweet dews from the primrose' mellow lip—
I am coming.

From the morn's gilded crest I will smile o'er the meadows,
And sport in the brake with the sunbeams and shadows—
I am coming.
In the evening I'll soar to the high ether blue,
And pierce with my wand its cool fountains of dew,
And o'er the sear'd earth the soft crystal drops strew—
I am coming.

To the youth with the baubles of hope I'll come laden,
As a star 'mid the dreams of the love-sighing maiden,
I am coming.
As a child gambols free round the scenes of its birth,
My treasures I'll strew o'er the comfortless earth,
Till all hearts will me welcome with gladness and mirth—
I am coming.

CUMLEDGE BONNIE DELL.

As ling'ring in the dell to-night beneath the spreading limes,
Sweet Fancy wafts my spirit back to scenes of bygone times;
The burn rins by and ripples wi' a sweetness a' its ain,
And murmurs, like an echo, o' a gentle voice that's gane:
The birds amang the leafy trees still chant their cheery lays;
The whisp'ring zephyr roving near wafts perfume from the braes;
And still Whitadder laves the bank where waves the blue hare-bell,
And sweet its chime at gloamin' time in Cumledge bonnie dell.

There thrills within my heart to-night a yearning strange and wild,
As memory brings me back the joys that charm'd the careless child:

A woodland flower that once had deck'd a little playmate's brow,
It seems to weave a fairy spell round pensive memory now;
And yonder stands the mossy stane still near the rowan tree,
Where bairnies oft at gipsies play'd, a' happy, wild, and free;
Thus passed the blythe, lang simmer days till gloamin' shadows fell,
When ilk wee frien' wad pairt at e'en in Cumledge bonnie dell.

A sadd'ning thought brings back to-night a fairy form tae me,
Fair as the time when first beneath yon bonnie hawthorn tree
I watch'd the modest blush suffuse her sunny broo sae fair,
And saw within her lovely e'e my life's hope treasured there.
I've listened to her winning voice, soft as the plaintive dove,
And bless'd the tender heart that held my first wild, boyish love;
But I ha'e miss'd thee sair sin' syne, my kind, wee, winsome Nell,
And still I mourn thy ne'er return tae Cumledge bonnie dell.

And memory brings me back to-night a friend of bygone days,
And side by side again we roam among the mossy braes.
Ah! friend of boyhood, leal an' true, what buoyant hopes were thine,
The future seem'd an Eden in the careless days lang syne;
Life's tideless sea, all golden tinged, and calm before us lay;
'Twas but a fair illusion, and, wi' thee, hath passed away.
But, oh! a *something* lingers yet life's changes canna quell,
That ever mak's my heart gae back tae Cumledge bonnie dell.

Farewell, lov'd scenes; we part to-night, maybe for evermair;
Wi' thee my heart first learned tae feel its weary weicht o' care,
And felt the dawning joys o' love it never may forget—
The loving glance, the tender sigh, unmingl'd wi' regret;
I leave thee and thy peaceful shades, where friendship's tie was cast,
The trystin' tree, the mossy stone, mementoes o' the past.
And, oh! should life's mysterious way be rugged, stern, and snell,
My backward thoughts will wander oft through Cumledge bonnie dell.

FOUND DROWNED

IN THE UNION CANAL, EDINBURGH.

SERENE-LIKE and beautiful in death he lies,
Though expressionless now those lustreless eyes;
While the curls that wav'd free o'er his fair young brow,
In ringlets of gold cling they close to it now;
And nobody owns him.

Inquiry is rife 'mong the curious throng;
The crowd o'er the causeway are pressing along;
The women are weeping beside the rude bier,
But on it falls gently no motherly tear,
For nobody owns him.

A smile seems to rest on the face of the child,
Though his eyes, fixt in death, look vacant and wild,
But seem to implore the protection from Heaven
Which earth, callous earth, had refus'd to be given,
For nobody own'd him.

They have wrapt him now in sackcloth for a shroud,
And bear him away through the murmuring crowd,
Whose pale, sadden'd faces true pity may prove;
But where, mother, where is thy sorrowing love?
Still nobody owns him.

In the lone churchyard, in a corner obscure,
Side by side he'll rest with the friendless and poor;
He liv'd in the world unbefriended, alone;
In death he will slumber unmourned for, unknown,
For nobody own'd him.

TO A LARK.

SWEETLY on the ear they linger—ah! hark—
The beautiful strains of the joyous lark,
As he lightly springs from the verdant ground,
Pouring his matin lays sweetly around.

Ah! little songster, how sadly thy lays
Recall to my mem'ry life's happier days;
I've heard them before—they seem to be cast
Remnants of joys from the wreck of the past.

When innocence guided my childish ways,
I've sat in mute wonder, charm'd by thy lays,
Ere passion's hot brand had sear'd on my brain
The impress of vice, impure in its stain.

When thoughts flow'd clear as a mountain stream,
Each pure in its choice, select in its theme;
Dear joys ever gone! oh! where are they now?
Bedimm'd in gross pleasure's vile, fest'ring slough.

Yet cease not, dear bird, that soul-stirring strain—
Once more, as a child, I hear it again;
Gently it steals, like a glimmer of light,
Shedding its rays o'er the soul's gloomy night.

Downward its falls, like a quivering dart,
Sev'ring the fetters that torture the heart;
And, oh! sweet bird, as I listen, I long
A spirit to be in thy sphere of song.

A veil is uplifted from Memory's eye,
Revealing lov'd forms ever hov'ring nigh;
To thy happy song their voices respond
Far away 'mong the gilded clouds beyond.

In fancy I hear those voices again,
Borne to my ear on the breath of thy strain;
From earth's fleeting pleasures, alloy'd with care,
To their spirit-land they beckon me there.

Like whispers that sigh from those voices now fled,
Like echoes that wake from their slumbering bed,
Thy strains sound as music that thrill'd me of old,
Though of heavenly sweetness and beauty untold.

But a shadow breaks o'er the heavenly scene,
Like a distant haze, it hovers between,
As the twilight pales when the pall of night
Throws a sombre shade o'er its soften'd light.

As a blissful dream, when slumber is o'er,
In the realms of fancy lingers no more,
So from my gaze the fair vision is gone;
Oh! sweet little warbler, sing on, sing on.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

AULD Time's dark pinions ower us hing,
And ower us mirky shadows fling,
And plants in mortal hearts the sting
O' sorrows keen,
And bears awa' on ruthless wing
Some dear auld freen'.

Companions noo I'm left wi' nane,
Sin' Leap, dear freend, yer deid an' gane,
And I maun wander a' my lane
By burn and lea;
While sair, sair is my heart wi' pain
At thochts o' thee.

E'en while I'm sittin' lanely here
I scarce can check the rising tear—
Sad tokens o' thy memory dear,
For weel I ken
Nae mair thy welcome voice I'll hear
By haugh or glen.

We've oft thegether gaen tae feast
Oor hairts on gleefu' sports, puir beast,
Ye ne'er compleen'd nor whin'd the least
At ilk mishap;
A nobler heart in collie's breist
There never lap.

And whiles, far yont the haunts o' man,
We've sportit whaur the burnie ran,
Where breezes saft wild floors did fan
At quiet e'en;
I mind o't yet whene'er I'm gaun
Whaur ye ha'e been.

An' aften 'lang the dingle side,
Where gowans 'neath the brackens hide,
And where Whitadder's stream doth glide,
We've wandered there;
But, oh! the thocht is sair tae bide,
'Twill be nae mair.

Ye little kent yer matchless skill
Was seen by yin wha mean'd ye ill,
While scamperin' yont yer boonds the while
Wi' careless heed:
That nicht I got ye yont the stile
Lyin' cauld an' deid.

And noo, the snaw, wi' sleety drowe,
That drifts across the flinty knowe,
An' skirls adoon the Witch's howe
By dyke an' slaup,
Maun be for thee, puir Leap, I trow,
A cauldrife haup.

BINNING WOOD.

When glad Spring, like a fairy child, with many dimpling smiles,
Came tripping o'er the mossy knolls and down the grassy aisles;
When odour-laden breezes breath'd a music low and sweet,
And flowers, like many-coloured gems, were twinkling round my feet;
When silvery sunbeams shimmer'd 'mong the sprays of vernal green,
And lyric finches warbled forth their love-lays 'mid the scene;
When roving insects wheel'd their flight far down the flowery ways,
And humm'd their lowly hymnings 'mong the honey-laden sprays—

A nameless influence filled my soul as, ling'ring, I have stood,
Or idly strayed among the shades of lovely Binning Wood.

When Summer, like a blushing bride, in rosy wreathes array'd,
Bestrew'd her dower of floral wealth o'er every glen and glade;
When Aurora's golden mantle round her fairy form did glow,
And fleeting showers of rainbow dyes o'erveil'd her sunny brow;
When choirs of woodland choristers, in widely-scatter'd throngs,
Awoke the slumb'ring echoes with their canticles and songs;
When waning sunlight trembled through the dancing leaves above,
And sunset, 'mid the shadowy scene, fantastic circles wove—
I've lingered still till fancy, like a spirit power, imbued,
With dreamy light the languid night in silent Binning Wood.

When Autumn, like a matron, came with sad and tearful smile,
And quench'd the sunny beams that roved o'er Summer's funeral pile;

When leaves and blossoms, sodden'd, lay beneath the drenching showers,
And fungi groups of gorgeous tints supplied the place of flowers;
When frisking squirrels sought their stores where elfin runlets played,
Half hidden 'neath a trellis-work of ferns and grasses made;
When spiders spread their gauzy webs the forest paths across,
And silvery dews hung pendant from the golden capsul'd moss—
Beneath a leafy canopy, where plaintive cushats coo'd,
In pensive thought again I've sought the wilds of Binning Wood.

When Winter, like a warrior, hurl'd his icy missiles round,
And march'd triumphant o'er the scene with Boreal trophies crown'd;
And when, at last, his mighty voice in whisper'd sighs was spent,
And meekly o'er the ravag'd wastes his hoary head he bent;
When Luna's magic touch bejewell'd the snow's enamell'd crust,
And brilliant constellations strew'd her path with starry dust;

When sprays of silvery foliage, tinged with ever-varying sheen,
Gave a look of weird enchantment to the witchery of the scene—
Yet, there again I've wander'd oft, with ardour unsubdued,
And, still amazed, have lingering gazed on lovely Binning Wood.

But, darling, there were moments when it all seem'd heaven to me,
'Twas when I wander'd there and shared my happiness with thee;
Then Nature, with her pleasing wiles, intrusive care defied,
And pleasure wove its sweetest spells when thou wert by my side;
The hallow'd peace of Eden with its sinless joys seem'd ours,
As we roam'd those silent labyrinths 'neath love's refining powers;
Like echo'd strains from Paradise, so sweetly o'er the soul
A melody of happy thought in mutual concord stole;
And, oh! my love, where'er I go, those scenes we oft have view'd
Will throng the walls of Memory's halls when far from Binning Wood.

THE WANDERER TO HIS MOTHER.

AWAKE! thou hope-inspiring Muse,
  Sweet solace to the restless soul,
That, like some gentler spirit, holds
  The wilder passions in control.

Thou lov'st to haunt the gloomy depths
  Of weary hearts with cares opprest,
Till, calm'd, as 'neath a heavenly spell,
  Repose the sorrows in our breast.

In some lone spot, to me endeared
  By memories of past delight,
From scenes where some may pleasure find,
  With thee, sweet Muse, I seek respite.

There, Fancy, on her gilded throne,
  With elfin sceptre reigns supreme,
With visions grand she fills my thoughts,
  And wraps me in a mazy dream.

As in a mirror thus I gaze
  Upon the visions of the past,
Along whose chequer'd labyrinths
  A hallow'd radiance seems o'ercast.

And, backward, o'er life's trodden path
  Appearing to my fancy's gaze,
A halo, like a spirit, glides
  All radiant 'mid the mystic haze.

Till, hovering o'er a tiny cot
  Where guileless infancy had smiled,
Encircling with a wreath of light
  The features of a little child.

Oh! let me for a moment dwell
  In memory near the blissful scene,
And once again to linger near
  The spot where infant sports have been.

And let that glance again convey
  The language of maternal joy,
The essence of a mother's soul
  That rests around her slumb'ring boy.

I've seen those loving eyes express
  An eloquence no tongue can speak;
I've heard those lips breathe fervent prayer,
  And felt them press my infant cheek.

I ask the little sunny beam
  That rests upon yon mountain brow,
If those fond lips, so prayerful then,
  Could cease their supplications now?

Thus, to my idle quest, 'twould seem,
  The faithful sunbeam answers true,
Can I forsake the verdant earth,
  Or dim my lustre in its dew?

Ah! yes, my mother, still that prayer
  Upon its holy mission's sped,
As true and faithful still as when
  'Twas whisper'd o'er my cradle-bed.

Ah! mother, where are now the joys
  That once my childish heart beguil'd?
The happy smile, the sinless glee,
  That mark'd my actions when a child?

Where now those kindly warnings which
  You gave me? and those little prayers?
Are they forgotten quite, or cast
  Aside by manhood's worldly cares?

Yet, from the voices of the past
  There still is one that cannot die,
Whose influence fills my soul with hope,
  Like incense wafted from the sky.

And, mother, 'tis *thy* voice that lives
  And vibrates through the wanderer's heart;
Oh! teach me, teach me, still through life
  In faith to choose the better part.

ASSURANCES.

THOU dost ask me if I'll love thee
  In absence, as when thou art nigh;
Can the sun that beams above thee
  Be more constant, love, than I?
'Tis true that clouds may dim its brightness,
  And that storms may frown awhile,
So, my heart may lose its lightness
  In the absence of thy smile.

Thou dost ask me, when I slumber,
  If love's radiance o'er me beams?
If thou art amongst the number
  Of the few that haunt my dreams?
And I answer, was there ever
  Falsehood in the greenwood heard,
When the waking echoes quiver
  To the love-notes of the bird?
So, an influence o'er me stealing,
  When the wakeful sense is gone,
Bears the restless tide of feeling
  To thy responsive heart alone.

Still you ask me ere we part, love,
  When I far from thee may roam,
If the wishes of thy heart, love,
  In my breast may find a home?

Dost thou see yon tender blossom,
  Smiling from the mossy nook,
Reflect its likeness on the bosom
  Of the rambling way-side brook?
So, a smile, the smile thou givest,
  In gloomy hours a joy can prove,
And my gladden'd heart receiveth
  All the freshness of its love.

Again, you ask me, if e'er sorrow
  May trace its image on thy brow,
If my love would, on the morrow,
  Be as kind, as true, as now?
Ay! as true as yonder floweret,
  That, blushing, tints the crystal rill;
When rude storms are sweeping o'er it,
  Droops its head to kiss it still.

ESTRANGED.

How sad seems the voice of the evening breeze,
  How low and soft its tone,
    It seems to sigh
    For the day that's by
  And the sunny smile that's gone;

So methinks in my sorrow to-night, dear Nell,
Should the once kindly light of thine eyes
Smile on me again,
'Twould relieve the pain
That burdens my weary sighs.

One moonlight night—when the twinkling dew,
Like a region of diamonds, gleam'd
'Mong the meadow grass,
By the woodland pass—
In a fairy love-trance we dream'd;
Ay, we dream'd! and a nameless rapture, then,
O'er my passive senses stole,
Sweet, sweet as the bliss
Of a virgin kiss
That thrills on the dreaming soul.

Yet, again, I stood in the moonlit dell
Alone—ay! sadly alone;
For the fairy dream,
With its cherish'd theme,
Like a beautiful myth had flown—
Flown 'mid the wreck of the hopes that were,
Ere the curse of the schemer's lie—
An artless truth
To thy guileless youth—
Had darkened our morning sky.

Oh! foul as sin was the scaithing blight
From the slanderer's lips that fell,
When its influence stole
O'er thy stainless soul
And sorrowful heart, dear Nell;
Ay! cruel was the perjur'd tongue that bore
The false, false tale to thee;
While the pulsing smart
Of an injured heart
Was all that remain'd to me.

TO B——

'Tis sweet, at twilight's soothing hour,
Beneath the cottage eaves,
To hear the raindrops gently fall
Among the quivering leaves.
The murm'ring heart may breathe complaint,
While mine from care is free,
For every drop bears music sweet
When thinking, love, of thee.

The lark may rest his weary wing
The drooping ferns among,
And for a while we vainly list
To catch his thrilling song;

But other birds are warbling near
  Their songs in joyous glee,
As happy is the heart that sings
  Its own love-strains to thee.

There's music in the falling rain,
  So mellow, soft, and low,
That wafts my spirit back again
  To scenes of long ago;
When, by thy side, one stilly eve,
  Beneath our trysting tree,
The kindly little raindrops kept
  Me ling'ring still with thee.

Ah! sweet the gentle music fell,
  And soft as infant's sigh,
That taught my heart to feel so well
  Love's power when thou wert nigh.
Still, in its fairy murmurings live
  The sweetest charms for me;
For, oh! it wafts my memory back
  To bygone days and thee.

WHEN JEANIE IS NEAR.

In yon sweet, mossy dell, where the broom blooms sae bonnie,
When the sun is declining far away in the west,
There's a spot I lo'e dearly—ay! dearer than ony,
When trystin' at e'en wi' the lass I lo'e best;
There the laverock sings high ower its nest 'mang the brackens,
An' the trill o' the lintwhite fa's sweet on the ear,
While a chime frae the auld steeple bell i' the clachan
Tells nightly the hour that my Jeanie is near.

When the breezes steal saft ower the gowan-clad common,
An' rove 'lang the dingle-side wavin' wi' broom;
Like fond lovers' whispers, they sigh i' the gloamin',
Ling'ring awhile 'mong the saft gowden bloom;
When wi' Nature's wild music the welkin is ringin',
An' minglin' thegether sae sweet an' sae clear,
Then I see, far abune, the wee star that is bringin'
Dear joys that o'erwhelm me when Jeanie is near.

When ower the far hills the dark thunder-clouds nearin',
O'erhang the fair valley that nestles beneath;
While the lightnin's fell dairts i' the lift are careerin',
And gleam through the mirk ower the wilderin' heath:

Then a kindly wee glimmer, that mak's my heart cheery,
  Like a beacon blinks bright through the darkness sae
    drear,
Seems tae wise me frae a' tae the side o' my deary,
  For I ken by the airt o't that Jeanie is near.

Sae fu' o' the love o' my heart's dearest treasure,
  I heedna the thunder loud rolling afar;
And the torrents descending, I heedna their measure,
  Nor the wind that soughs wildly ower forest an' scaur.
Weel contentit I sit at her clean, cosy ingle,
  An' fauld tae my bosom the lassie sae dear;
While I think, as oor lòve-sighs thegether we mingle,
  I'd ever feel happy gin Jeanie were near.

WILLIE.

And can'st thou cloud my soul with care?
    Who lately breath'd
In winning phrases, fond and fair,
    Whose spells were wreath'd
Around my heart, that thrill'd the while
Within the radius of thy smile;
Nor dreamt thine own was fraught with guile,
  So tender were thy vows, Willie.

Ah, me! how pleasing were my dreams—
How sweet thy vow—
How darkly sad the 'wakening seems
That mocks me now:
A 'luring charm around me hung,
I dreamt of love, nor reck'd of wrong,
I 'woke, to find a traitor's tongue
Had wiled thy love from me, Willie.

How fair the accents of thy voice
Appeared to me,
While naught sustain'd me but the choice
Of loving thee:
How dear each tender thought became
That dwelt in fondness on thy name,
No dearer joy I wish'd to claim
If thou wert by my side, Willie.

In lonely hours I've wandering sought
Each well-known scene,
And linger'd o'er each hallow'd spot
Where we had been,
Till Fancy wove her spells anew,
And, love-entranc'd, I've dreamt of you,
And, oh! my thoughts were sad and few
That mingled not with thine, Willie.

Ah! what hath urg'd thee to express
A wavering mind,
An alter'd purpose to confess,
In tones unkind?

Why should the gossip's art prevail,
That thou should'st heed the sland'rous tale,
And leave me sorrowing, to bewail
The joys that are no more, Willie?

Take back the glittering baubles now,
And I'll forego
The fickle joys they brought, since thou
Have wished it so:
Yes! take them all—the golden ring—
The braided chain—each hated thing;
Their presence now could only bring
Sad memories of the past, Willie.

Though envy framed the vile pretence
That bid us part,
A virtuous pride will recompense
The wounded heart:
I will not blame thee now, nor chide
Thy vaunted faith, so ill applied;
Remorse with thee may yet decide
The fault was none of mine, Willie.

Give me a heart, mine own to prove,
Who'd nobly make
Some sacrifice of self for love
And honour's sake;
With courage scorning to resign
All manly worth at Falsehood's shrine:
True love could never thus combine
Its name with coward fears, Willie.

K A T E.

When night's eerie shadows creep through the lone valley,
An' the storm-cluds lie low on the ben;
When the stormy winds howl through the forest, and rally
Roond thy wee theekit cot i' the glen,
Dear Kate,
Roond thy wee theekit cot i' the glen:

When Boreas shouts wild ower the craigs o' Strathdearn,
Like an ominous speerit o' skaith,
There's a bieldy bit nuik i' the howe by the cairn,
Frae his fury will shelter us baith,
Dear Kate,
Frae his fury will shelter us baith.

Syne leave for a wee the hame joys wi' yer minnie,
And ower the mirk moorland we'll gang;
Wi' the love that lichts a' wi' a radiance sae bonnie—
Though the gate may be never sae lang,
Dear Kate—
'Twill be lichtsome wherever we gang.

Scarce seen 'mid the cluds is the blink o' a starnie,
Yet fairer an' dearer tae me—

As seen 'neath the moon that whiles keeks ower the
cairnie—
Is the tender love-lowe o' yer e'e,
Dear Kate,
Is the soft, witchin' licht o' yer e'e.

At the auld hauntit cairn in the howe by the corrie,
Where nane but the lover daur stray,
My plaidie will bield ye, kind love 'll watch ower ye,
Till the nicht wears a cherm, ye will say,
Dear Kate,
Sweeter far than the glamour o' day.

An' sae wi' a leal, willin' heart will I shield ye
Frae sorrow's dark cluds that may lower,
An' kindly frae life's cauldrife ills ever bield ye
Till its dreich, rugged journey be ower,
Dear Kate,
Till its dreich, rugged journey be ower.

*GOINOCK'S FAIRY GLEN.**

Oh! dae ye mind the lonely valley,
Where the wild roe leaps the linn,
Where the song-birds warble gaily
'Mang the bracken and the whin;

* Glen-Goinock, a beautiful and romantic district in the vicinity of Kingussie, Inverness-shire.

Where the purple-tinted heather
  Waved sae bonnie on the ben,
As, hand-in-hand, we roam'd thegether
  Doon in Goinock's fairy glen.

There, beneath the fragrant birches—
  When the twilight shadows fell,
When among their leafy arches
  Sang the minstrels o' the dell—
I ha'e pu'd the hill-side blossom,
  Twinklin' wi' the dew-drops, then
Wi' the love-wreath deck'd thy bosom,
  Doon in Goinock's fairy glen.

There I've watch'd the love-light lowin'
  In thy e'e sae kind an' true,
Softly as the starlight glowin'
  In a sky o' cloudless blue;
And I've heard the sweet love-story
  That my heart was fain tae ken,
As we sat beside the Corey
  Doon in Goinock's fairy glen.

There, within the dingle hollow,
  I've heard thee breathe love's tender vow,
And the music of its echo
  Lingers on my memory now;
And at fortune's every turning
  From the busy haunts of men,
Still I turn with tender yearning
  Back to Goinock's fairy glen.

Through the mazes o' the valley
  Oft will fancy roam at will,
Till in dreamland, little Nellie,
  I am wand'ring with thee still;
Side by side thegether roamin'
  Ower the dear auld scenes agen,
Gatherin' flowerets i' the gloamin'
  Doon in Goinock's fairy glen.

FLORA O' THE DELL.

When sunset tints the sylvan glade,
  Then, lassie, let us stray
Thegether doon the dingle side
  Tae yon wee mossy brae,
An' talk the while o' bygane times,
  When, by the fairy well,
I sang tae thee my boyish rhymes,
  Dear Flora o' the Dell;

Or pu'd the blossoms frae the briar
  By yon blythe burnie side,
And twin'd them 'mong thy raven hair
  Wi' a' a lover's pride;
Thy smile, as bright as simmer's shine,
  And pure as truth itsel',
I felt, for warlds, I couldna tine
  Frae Flora o' the Dell.

I wat ye'll mind the days lang syne,
  When you an' I were bairns,
We'd wander up the windin' linn
  Among the seggs an' fairns;
Or gather brambles 'side the burn
  That whimples thro' the fell,
Till feet were sair, an' claes were torn,
  Dear Flora o' the Dell.

By mony a bieldy wayside nook,
  And hazel copse sae green,
We've wander'd when the zephyrs shook
  The dewy floors at e'en;
And as I fill'd thy wee, wee hand
  Wi' mony a dewy bell,
I thought nae floor was half sae grand
  As Flora o' the Dell.

And mind ye hoo, in after years,
  When daffin' days were duin,
We met yince mair amang the briers
  Ae balmy nicht in Juin?
I saw the blush steal tae thy cheek
  As saftly roond me fell
Fond breathings whisper'd for my sake,
  Sweet Flora o' the Dell.

I held thy yielding hand tae say
  Hoo dear tae me ye'd been,
An' won an answering fondness frae
  Thae tell-tale, roguish e'en;

Thy lo'esome glance spak' mair tae me
  Than faltering lips could tell—
A heaven o' love beam'd in thy e'e,
  Fair Flora o' the Dell.

Hoo often ha'e I roam'd by some
  Bright burnie ripplin' clear,
Far frae the blythsome blinks o' hame,
  An' a' its joys sae dear,
Till i' the lift the starnies beam'd,
  And shadows roond me fell,
I've tint the passing hours, an' dream'd
  O' Flora o' the Dell.

Syne let us ower the dewy grass
  Tae yon lown mossy seat,
While star-beams 'mang the flowerets pass,
  Like fairies, at oor feet:
'Tis there I'd breathe my hopes, and syne
  I'd speir this o' yersel',
The ae wee word that mak's thee mine,
  Dear Flora o' the Dell.

A PARTING SONG.

Noo calmly fa's the gloamin', love,
  Doon i' the glen the burnie whimples,
And sighing zephyrs in the grove
  Await to kiss thy rosy dimples:

Behind Ben-Dhu the sunlight fades;
  The tunefu' merle and mavis tarry,
And chant amang the deep'ning shades
  A welcome sang tae thee, my Mary.

The burn jouks past the mossy stane,
  Half hidden 'mang the brake and heather,
Where happy we, twa simmer's syne,
  First i' the gloamin' met thegether;
I'll ne'er forget the hour sae blest,
  When 'neath the sky sae clear an' starry
Ye rais'd emotions in my breast,
  I ne'er had kent till then, dear Mary.

The bee speeds hameward ower the moor;
  The dewy saughs their shadows mingle:
While, yont the cleuch, the howlets dour
  Shout eerie frae the birken dingle;
The gloamin' light is waning fast;
  Ae wee, wee starn blinks i' the carey;
The night-cluds gather i' the wast,
  An' still I wait thy comin', Mary.

Noo, sin' yer here, we'll tine the joys
  That cheer the auld folk roond the ingle,
An' pree the love that never cloys,
  Till mornin's licht keeks through the dingle;
Oh! sadly I maun leave thee then,
  A' lanely on the banks o' Garey;
But I'll ne'er forget the Highland glen
  That links my hairt tae thine, dear Mary.

THOUGH FAR FROM THEE.

THERE'S joy attends the silent thought
  That wafts me to thy presence,
At times when saddest hours are fraught
  With Memory's purest essence.

That thought brings back the halcyon days
  When love shed joys around us,
When pleasure wove, 'mong flowery ways,
  The fairy chain that bound us.

Think not that rival charms could part
  The magic chain asunder
That links my fate to thine, sweetheart,
  Though far from thee I wander.

Though beauty may with artful wiles
  A homage win from many;
The changeless beauty of thy smiles
  Shall fix my choice, dear Annie.

And through life's varying scenes, dear love,
  Will fond remembrance treasure
Thy every word, and look, to prove
  The constant theme a pleasure.

Though beauty's form appears to me
  In soft allurements many,
My faithful heart will turn to thee,
  And own thy worth, dear Annie.

Though years of trial my faith may test,
  Its source shall fail me never;
While swells the life-stream in my breast,
  'Twill flow with thee for ever.

TO ISA.

I'VE felt thy warm heart beating near
My own, when all seem'd cold beside;
I've seen the charm of all that's dear
Beneath those trembling lashes hide.
When care of joys bereft me, love,
And falsehood rear'd its hideous form,
When summer friends had left me, love,
Then thou stood'st by me in the storm.

I've seen thee 'neath affliction's smart,
Innur'd to early sorrows, when
I cherish'd pity in my heart,
And knew not that you lov'd me then;
For virtue hid thee 'neath her shield,—
As verdure hides the sweetest flower,—
Till mutual faith thy love reveal'd,
And I, responsive, own'd thy power.'

Oft have I marked each modest grace
That dwells within those pensive eyes,
And, ling'ring o'er thee, sought to trace
The depth of power that in them lies.
Then pure as truth no art could feign,
A smile from thee my heart made glad,
But when I sought that joy again,
'Twas vanished, and my soul was sad.

Ah! why art thou so changeful grown?
More dear to me than life, by far;
Fain would I deem thee still mine own,
My earthly hope, my guiding star.
Oh! give me back thy virgin heart,
And bid me hope thou'lt still be mine;
My very life seems but a part
Of every mood that varies thine.

EVENING.

'Tis sweet to roam at eventide,
Near where the sombre shadows glide,
Like sent'nels o'er the wooded height,
To guard the portals of the night.

'Tis sweet, at times, an hour to spend,
And watch the wreathing mists ascend,
That, tinged with ambient sunset's hue,
Expand in beauty on the view.

How sweet the ling'ring sunbeams play
Upon the dewy hawthorn spray,
Where, 'mid the nooks of dusky green,
The fairy warblers charm the scene.

How fair the sunlight's parting rays,
That tremble in the twilight haze;
How sweet the odorous breezes rise,
And murmur round like lovers' sighs.

There's not a sound supplied by art
Could charm the sense or melt the heart,
As Nature's strains that, wild and free,
Unite in sweetest harmony.

The wren chirps near the moss-grown well;
The cushat coos within the dell;
The blackbird warbles in the bush,
And, higher up, the tuneful thrush.

The brook leaps o'er the rocky linn,
And babbles on through brake and whin;
The robin and the linnet near
Blend with the sound their notes so clear.

And dream-like, too, is faintly heard
The vocal lark, ethereal bird!
Who, flutt'ring, preens his dewy wings,
And, leaving earth, he heavenward springs.

Dear bird, of regions pure and free,
My thoughts, unfetter'd, soar with thee,
My soul forsakes its earthly load,
And mounts with thee to Nature's God.

WHEN THE GLOAMIN' SHADOWS FA'.

THE day is wearin' by, Maggie,
Wearin', wearin' fast awa';
The hour is drawin' nigh, Maggie,
When the gloamin' shadows fa',
And the wee, wan stars are gleamin'
High abune the cliffy ben;
And the moon will suin be beamin',
Bonnily ower Shero Glen;
But the spirit of beauty will rest on the scene,
And impress on my fancy sweet visions o' thee,
Recalling to mem'ry the joys that hae been,
But it winna bring back my dear lassie tae me.

Oh! happy times were ours, Maggie,
When we roam'd the birken dell,
And 'mid its silent bowers, Maggie,
Breath'd what naught but love could tell;
Still, when flitting shadows ramble,
Where the murm'ring waters play,
Love's fond accents seem to tremble
Near me in the gloamin' gray;

'Tis only the sigh o' the passing wind,
  As it roves 'mong the wavin' brackens near;
It goes on its way, but it leaves behind
  A solit'ry heart in the stillness drear.

  Doon by the nameless cairn, Maggie,
    Oft I wander, sad an' lane,
  And where the little tarn, Maggie,
    Whimples past the trystin' stane;
  Where the twinklin' dewdrops glisten'd
    In the moonlight at oor feet,
  Where, in raptures, I hae listen'd
    To thy winning voice sae sweet:
Still thy voice seems to live on the rippling stream;
  And I listen awhile till its echo is gane;
For the happy delusion will pass as a dream,
  And leave me in silence still musing alane.

  Ye lo'd the little burn, Maggie,
    For love, ye said, was in its sang;
  And, listenin', oft ye'd turn, Maggie,
    Tae linger still the birks amang;
  E'en now I hear its soft tones swellin',
    And I love its simple strain,
  For fancy hears the burnie telling
    Our whispered love tales ower again;
But the time is comin', dear Maggie, I ken,—
  And sair does my lonely heart weary for thee—
When I'll wait by the burnie that winds thro' the glen,
  For the gloamin' that brings my lov'd lassie tae me.

THE GLOAMIN' HOUR.

O, GI'E tae me the gloamin' hour,
  When stars like silver pendants hing,
When from its ivy-mantled bower
  The bat unfaulds its dusky wing;
Or from some lonely, rugged nook
  The hoolit starts wi' noiseless flight;
While low abune the shaded brook
  The midges dance wi' feebler might.

Let others languish as they may
  'Neath beauty's artificial glance,
'Neath festive music's fleeting sway
  To mingle in the mazy dance;
But let me hear the artless strain,
  Deep in the leafy birken shades,
Tun'd sweetly by the warbling train,
  And echo'd through the wooded glades.

And gi'e tae me the leafy grove,
  Where zephyrs sport in ilka tree,
While moonbeams through their arches rove,
  And glimmer on the dewy lea;
Or throw their lustre still more fair
  In radiance near the trysting stile,
Where, nightly, at the gloamin' there
  I wait the joy o' Jeanie's smile.

Each evening at the auld haugh gate,
  Where flowerets wild their fragrance shed,
I there wi' longing hopes await
  The echo o' her lightsome tread;
And, oh! there's in that fairy sound
  A ling'ring cadence, soft and low,
Which through the stilly air around
  In soothing sweetness seems to flow.

The bee may haunt the honey'd dell,
  Leaving sweet treasures while it sips;
But, oh! its worth can ne'er excel
  The sweets that bloom on Jeanie's lips.
There's no' in a' the shining mass
  That nightly throng the starry sphere
A single orb that can surpass
  Her love-lit e'e sae saft an' clear.

Oh! hour of evanescent day,
  Swiftly speed thy tardy wing,
Advance, sweet eve, that I might stray
  To where the twilight song-birds sing;
And roam beside the winding burn
  That murmurs fondly a' the while,
Tae meet anew at ilka turn
  The joy that's felt in Jeanie's smile.

OOR WEE WEAN.

THE canty Spring is past,
  The Simmer's worn duin,
While Autumn's soughin' blast
  Tells Winter's comin' suin;
Ay! suin the cauld, white snaw will hap
  Yon wee, wee mound again,
Tae rest, like mournfu' mem'ries, roond
  Oor ae wee wean.

An' life's glad day is by,
  Wi' a' its lo'esome smiles;
Sad thochts, like shadows, lie
  Across the prospect whiles;
Ay! dreich an' dowie's been oor lot,
  An' fraught wi' muckle pain,
Sin' yon dool day we pairtit wi'
  Oor ain wee wean.

Ye mind the happy day
  We wander'd ower the lea
Tae Markle's whinny brae,
  Oor coortin' place tae see?
A wee gem nestled on thy breist—
  A fairer there was nane—
The sinless pledge o' wedded love,
  That sweet wee wean.

We sat beside the breir,
  Near the auld trystin' tree,
While something like a tear
  Shone softly in yer e'e;
I watch'd its peerless beauty as
  Ye weav'd the daisy chain,
An' wreath'd it ower the curly broo
  O' oor wee wean.

I saw that simmer night—
  I think I see it noo—
A soft an' holy light
  Illume thy thochtfu' broo;
I couldna ken what 'twas that mov'd
  A mither's hairt sae fain—
Some lo'esome spell that circles roond
  The first wee wean.

Oh! mind ye hoo we stood
  Ootside the shielin' door,
A-list'nin' unco prood
  Her pawky baby-lore?
We kentna syne in a' the warl'
  A bonnier, sweeter strain,
Than infant lispings as they fell
  Frae oor wee wean.

An' mony a fear we've dree'd,
  When aff the cutty chair
She'd dunt her little heid
  Upon the yirthen flair;

For mony a trial an' fa' she had
  Ere she could gang her lane;
Ah! methinks there's mony aulder yins
  Like that wee wean.

When Winter days cam' roon',
  An' nichts were wearin' lang,
Tae her ye'd sit an' croon
  Some simple cradle-sang;
Till, sleepin' soon', we'd breathe the prayer
  Faith never breath'd in vain,
And gied tae heaven the keepin' o'
  Oor wee, wee wean.

An' often wad we sit
  Lang at the ingle side,
While ower thy face wad flit
  A sunny smile o' pride,
As oft ye wad in fondness shape
  Some project o' yer ain,
Some plan anent the future weal
  O' oor wee wean.

But, oh! that nicht sae drear,
  'Twill never be forgot,
While mony a joyless tear
  Revives the memory o't.
Toom is the wee, wee cottie noo
  Where, lauchin', she has lain,
While cauld's the snawy shroud that haps
  Oor ae wee wean.

Yet, there's ae comfort still,
  It's calm'd me mony a day;
'Twill lighten a' life's ills,
  An' soothe the hairt when wae:
Ay! tho' we've tint life's dearest joys
  In what we couldna hain,
A lammie in the Shepherd's fauld
  Is oor wee wean.

THE GRASS.

THE poet may sing of the smiling Spring,
  With its wealth of sweet flowerets so fair,
And tell of the rose where the zephyr blows,
  Wafting sweets on the soft summer air;
While Autumn's brown leaf, and the golden sheaf,
  May form for his musings a theme,
And the struggling brook from the frozen rock
  Flow warm through the poet's fond dream;
And he wreathes them in song, but how seldom, alas!
Is entwin'd with his garland the beautiful grass.

When the honeyed flowers of the vernal hours
  Scatter perfume in sunshine or shade,
Where primroses grow and violets blow
  By the brook in the briary glade;

When every soft sound sheds melody round,
  Like the sweet, tender whisp'rings of love,
And the rich perfume of the hawthorn bloom
  Fills the depths of the tuneful grove;
What charm can outvie, or what beauty surpass,
The emerald tints of the beautiful grass.

When lovely doth seem both woodland and stream
  As we traverse their mazes alone,
When the sun beams high in the noonday sky,
  And storm-boding shadows are gone;
When Summer's light breeze sighs soft 'mong the trees,
  Like the sigh of a slumbering child,
And murmurs again like some lyric strain
  That the slumberer's fancy beguil'd,
How void would appear every scene that we pass
If bereft of the charms of the beautiful grass.

When Summer at last like a vision hath pass'd,
  With her voices so joyous and glad,
And Autumn appears, like a matron in tears,
  With a beauty so pensive and sad;
When a something sublime, we cannot define,
  Seems to mingle with every sound,
When the low winds moan with an eerie tone
  'Mong the leaves that are scatter'd around;
There, smiling alone 'mid the withering mass
Of Nature's decay is the beautiful grass.

When arid and sear the woodlands appear,
  When chill is the Winter's rude breath,
When life seems to rest on Nature's cold breast,
  Fast bound in the fetters of death;
When the stout oak's form bends low in the storm,
  And the earth seems to tremble and quake;
When the snow-drifts whirl in eddies, and curl
  In wreathes o'er the ice-fetter'd lake;
Then, how sweetly there droops round its surface of glass
The ever-green fringe of the beautiful grass.

How oft have we long'd in a great city, throng'd
  With contrasts of sadness and mirth,
For a few sweet hours 'mong the forest flowers,
  Far away 'mid the scenes of our birth;
'Tis thus we have turn'd—with feelings that yearn'd
  For some clime of a purer air—
To some lonely lane again and again,
  And sooth'd the heart's longings there;
For at every lone corner and nook that we pass,
Like an old friend will greet us the beautiful grass.

A RETROSPECT.

How oft will recollections haunt
  The dim receding past,
And fondly trace familiar scenes,
  Where childhood's joys were cast.

Yes ! there are times when Mem'ry, like
  A mateless bird, will roam
To far-off scenes, its friendships, loves,
  And, dearer still, its home.

'Twas there glad childish voices rang
  Wild, echoing through the glen ;
But many sighs have trembled o'er
  Life's devious paths since then.

'Twas there Hope sang her siren songs
  In youth's bright, joyous morn,
Ere brooding care swept o'er her lyre
  To viewless fragments torn.

While Fancy throws a halo round
  The intervening haze,
And rends the filmy shades that veil
  Those sunny bygone days.

Then let me view the chesnut lane,
  Where many an olden theme,
In harmony, have mingled with
  The voices of the stream.

I see the little glade, beyond,
  Where whisp'ring streamlets meet ;
Where drooping willows half conceal
  The lover's mossy seat.

I see the bank where last we stood—
  Fair Isobel and I—
When young love ting'd with roseate hue
  Those faery days gone by.

We linger'd 'neath the rowan tree
  That stood upon the hill,
And trac'd our names among the moss,
  With pebbles from the rill.

And ere we breath'd love's fond adieu
  We tarried near the spot,
And planted there, for memory's sake,
  The wild forget-me-not.

We parted there with hopeful hearts,
  And many a tender vow ;
Sincere we deem'd them then, alas !
  They are but memories now.

And there was one whose every thought
  Breath'd harmony with mine ;
Whose every joy, whose every care,
  Were shared at friendship's shrine.

How often by the valley stream
  We've pass'd the evening hours,
And watched the rippling wavelets leap
  To kiss the wayside flowers ;

Or, ling'ring, gaz'd on imaged forms,
  Deep mirror'd in the stream,
Which seem'd like visions in the realms
  Of some bright faery dream ;

Till sunset cast a halo round
  The sweet and rural scene,
And shed a soften'd radiance o'er
  Whitadder's bosky dene.

Then, resting, boyish-like we've rear'd
  Full many a fabric fair
On future time, yet dream'd we not
  Whose graves were hidden there.

But years have flown since then, and now
  I, pensive and alone,
Can scarce believe that name is his,
  On yon memorial stone.

The direst pangs of grief that ere
  The pulsing heart could rend,
Swept o'er my soul that hour I lost
  The *true* and noble friend.

Though reason's light may darken when
  Life's waning spark grows dim,
Oh ! not till then can ever die
  My treasur'd thoughts of him.

Farewell ! lov'd scenes of other days,
  Though future joys be mine,
I'll cherish still the memories dear
  That waft me back to thine.

TO A FERN IN THE CITY.

Oh ! call it not a solitude,
  A scene of languid powers,
Where aimless thought, in fretful mood,
  Makes dull the tardy hours ;
For fickle pleasure's fleeting joys
  My heart hath ceas'd to yearn,
Since purer charms are spread around
  Me and that little fern.
Of all delights it charms the best
  My attic's twilight gloom ;
A thousand mem'ries seem to rest
  Around each glossy plume.
What though no sunset's slanting beam
  Descends upon the scene,
Or that I vainly seek to find
  One spot of lively green ;
A *few* faint lines of sunny light,
  In strugg'ling efforts fall,
Gilding, a moment, feebly bright,
  The dank old gable wall ;
No flower receives them in its folds,

While all seems joyless gloom,
Where scarce a ray is known to stray,
Or floweret seen to bloom.
The scentless zephyr seeks in vain
The balmy blossom's lip,
No wild bee follows in its train,
The honeyed dews to sip ;
The woodland songsters, far away,
Chant 'mid their coverts green ;
But here they never tune a lay,
From dawning day till e'en,
Save some few dingy sparrows that—
The chimney tiles among—
Keep up all day, in noisy chat,
The same old tuneless song.
But fairer sights, and sweeter sounds,
My silent reveries fill ;
The hours glide by, yet here am I,
The raptur'd dreamer still.
I gaze upon that little fern,—
Bright as an emerald fair,—
Like me, to sunless regions borne,
Far from its native air,
Till come the dear old haunts of youth,
And fond old friends again,
While fancy turns from folly's path,
And pleasures false and vain,
To revel long, 'mong rural scenes,
Free as the roving gales

That wander o'er the rippling lakes
  Of England's verdant vales;
Or linger 'mong the lonely wilds
  Of Scotia's mountains stern,
Where echoes start from the cavern's heart,
  The home of the mountain tarn.
Oft thus I pass the evening hours,
  Free from the discordant din
Of the moil and strife of city life,
  And the pleasing haunts of sin.
Thus, too, from murm'rings I'll be free,
  But sweet contentment learn;
And share my exiled lot with thee,
  Though but a simple fern.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The autumn leaves are falling
With the cold autumnal rain,
Sounding strangely, like the cadence
Of a half-forgotten strain;
Like the joys that linger'd round us
In childhood's sunny years,
Till, like a smile, they vanish'd
In the mist of sorrow's tears.

The autumn leaves are lying
In the lonely, pathless wood,
Where the mournful winds are sighing
'Mid the lifeless solitude;
Like the sadd'ning recollection
Of our lov'd companions gone,
As, one by one, they left us,
In life's wilderness, alone.

The autumn leaves lie scatter'd
Among the withering grass,
All lifeless, crush'd, and shatter'd
By the wandering storms that pass;
Like the once fond hopes we cherish'd
In youth, serene and fair,
Until with age they perish'd,
'Neath the blighting frosts of care.

Down with the eddying river
The leaves of autumn glide,
Soon to be hid for ever
In ocean's whelming tide;
Like the happy soul rejoicing,
From earthly trammels free,
Beyond its storms and troubles,
Glad in eternity.

LITTLE KATE.

By baby's cot a mother mourns,
  Though from her sad eyes start
No grief-relieving tear to ease
  The anguish of her heart.

As o'er an arid desert, oft,
  No dewy sign appears,
So may the mourner's desolate heart
  Be unreliev'd by tears.

She feels the parting hour has come,
  That listening angels wait
To bear the spirit to its home,
  Of little baby Kate.

The rose blush ting'd the tiny cheek
  Ere suffering's pangs she knew;
Where, now, in soften'd beauty's spread
  The lily's stainless hue.

A yearning look of nameless love
  Beams mildly from her eyes;
Ev'n death hath left it ling'ring there,
  As, smiling sweet, she dies.

No more the sound of little feet
  Shall patter round the door;
The prattling baby voice shall greet
  The mourner's ear no more.

But ofttimes, in yon churchyard lone,
  A childless mother weeps,
In fond remembrance, o'er the grave
  Where little darling sleeps.

A DREAM.

I HAD a bonnie dream, dear love,
  So radiant, sweet, and fair;
I saw last night a vision bright
  Glide through the silent air;
And all around a lovely form
  A varying light was shed,
Like azure blue, and sunset hue,
  O'er rippling waters spread.

And, like a far-off strain, dear love,
  Borne on the night-wind's breath,
A heavenly sound was whispered round
  The slumberer's bed of death:
I seem'd to know that peerless form
  And angel voice were thine;
A spell at last was o'er me cast,
  And spirit-form was mine.

Far through the realms of space, dear love,
  We cleft the yielding wind,
Till forms of light rose on our sight,
  Of nameless hues combined;
O'er spirit lands we wander'd, where,
  'Mong never-fading flowers,
We breath'd the bliss of sacredness,
  And felt that all was ours.

Though transient was the bliss, dear love,
  That form'd the slumberer's thought,
Thy constant love alone can prove
  What lasting joys it brought;
And, oh! amid life's varying scenes
  May still such visions be
The blissful theme of every dream
  That wafts my thoughts to thee.

DAVIE AN' I.

'Tis said there be crosses that warp ilka pleasure;
  That sorrows shed gloom o'er the light of our joys;
That fortune is fickle, an' hansels her measure
  O' wealth wi' the walin's o' bitter alloys:
Be it sae wi' the lave! there ne'er comes between us
  The like o' a murmur or care-burden'd sigh;
Content wi' the blessin's kind Heaven has gi'en us,
  Aye happy thegether are Davie an' I.

Oh! warm grows my hairt when the kind, lovin' glances
  Convey the lad's worth through his bonnie blue e'e;
And sweeter by far than the fondest o' fancies
  Are the tender heart-breathings he whispers tae me;
When he tells o' his love there is truth in his smilin',
  An' a manly reserve in his manners forby;
In his voice there's a something sae sweetly beguilin'
  The hours that pass fleetly ower Davie an' I.

When the blythe e'enin' time frae duty has freed 'im,
  Awa' frae the clachan alane I ha'e stown
Tae the green brae-fit, where he woo'd an' I gi'ed 'im
  The love he aye vow'd he'd dee gladly tae own;
Though big weaver Kate, wi' a look unco saucy,
  Whiles tosses her heid as she passes me by,
It's little I care, for I ken the puir lassie
  Tak's ill the guid feelin' 'tween Davie an' I

An' what could I say when he speir'd wad I marry?
  By the bonnie burn-side at oor trystin' yestreen;
He coax'd me sae kindly, and, smilin' sae cheery,
  Caress'd me, an' ca'd me his dawty wee Jean;
Though his gear be but sma', an' scanty my tochar,
  Sae muckle the less oor affections tae try;
But love an' contentment, the wealth o' the cottar,
  Will smile ower the fortunes o' Davie an' I.

LONGINGS.

Oh! for some one to love, and to love me,
  Some gentle heart tender and true;
From the gyves of dull thought to remove me
  When regrets my past pleasures pursue;
When fancies, like phantoms, come thronging,
  With remembrances nurtur'd in pain;
And my heart, ever sorrowf'ly longing,
  Sighs for hopes that may come not again.

Oh! for the voice of a friend to awaken
  An echo of hope that seems dead,
While th' expressions of mirth are mistaken
  For joys that have long ago fled:
Day by day I sit sighing in sadness,
  Still longing in vain to explore
Those regions of glamour-eyed gladness
  That smil'd on the prospects of yore.

Oh! for a grasp of the hand of true feeling,
  A touch whose dear magic can thrill
On the soul of depression, revealing
  The presence of happiness still;
Those buoyant emotions that freed me
  From the transient moments of pain—
Oh! for the same fair spirit to lead me
  To those regions of gladness again.

Vernal gladness may breathe around others
  With the sweetness of Eden's perfume,
While its halo illudes me, and withers
  Amid the dread vistas of gloom:
Oh! could a grant to my longings be given,
  This life's weary sighs to control,
'Twould fall like an incense from heaven
  On the void of a sorrowing soul.

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